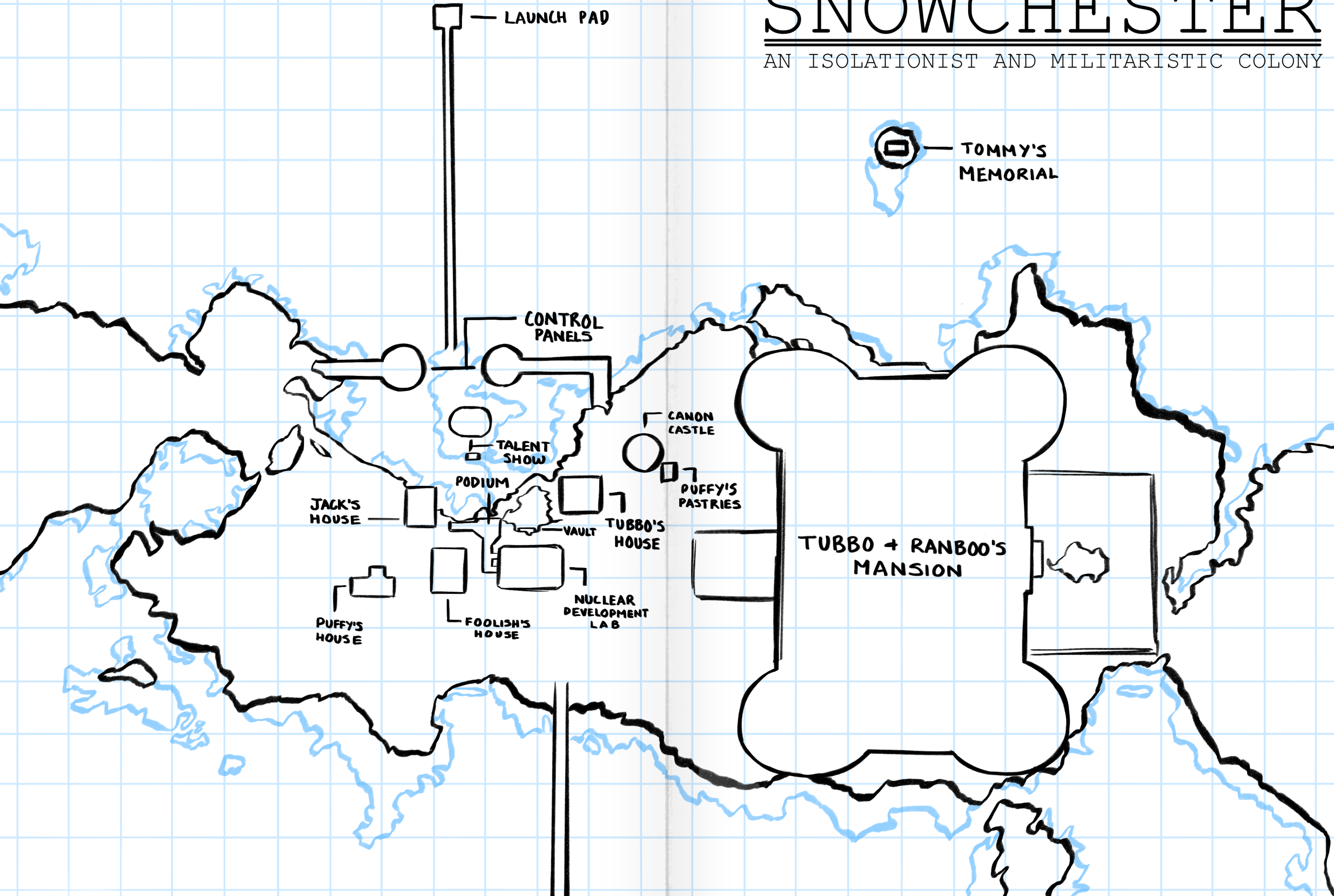
SAFEGUARD

A Snowchester Fanzine

SNOWCHESTER

AN ISOLATIONIST AND MILITARISTIC COLONY


LAUNCH PAD
TOMMY'S MEMORIAL
CONTROL PANELS
TALENT SHOW
CANON CASTLE
PODIUM
PUFFY'S PASTRIES
JACK'S HOUSE
VAULT
TUBBO'S HOUSE
TUBBO + RANBOO'S MANSION
PUFFY'S HOUSE
FOOLISH'S HOUSE
NUCLEAR DEVELOPMENT LAB

Warning:

This compilation explores subjects and themes
that may potentially be troubling to some readers,
including but not limited to: scars, explosions, war,
nuclear weapons, death, loss, and isolation.

Please proceed with caution.

Day 174 Post L'Manburg Explosion   Snowchester, DSMP

Snowchester Intelligence Agency
and Nuclear Weapons Protection Program

SAFEGUARD

A Snowchester Fanzine

Summary of notes within this document

As of today, Day 174 Post L'Manburg Explosion, this document serves to explore:

1. How Snowchester affects its inhabitants and associates, both positively and negatively

2. The various ways fans of DSMP explore their love of Snowchester and its inhabitants, specifically through artistic mediums (illustration, comics, writing, poetry, etc.)

3. How zines can explore complex emotions, like safety and danger, through the presentation of multiple works of art

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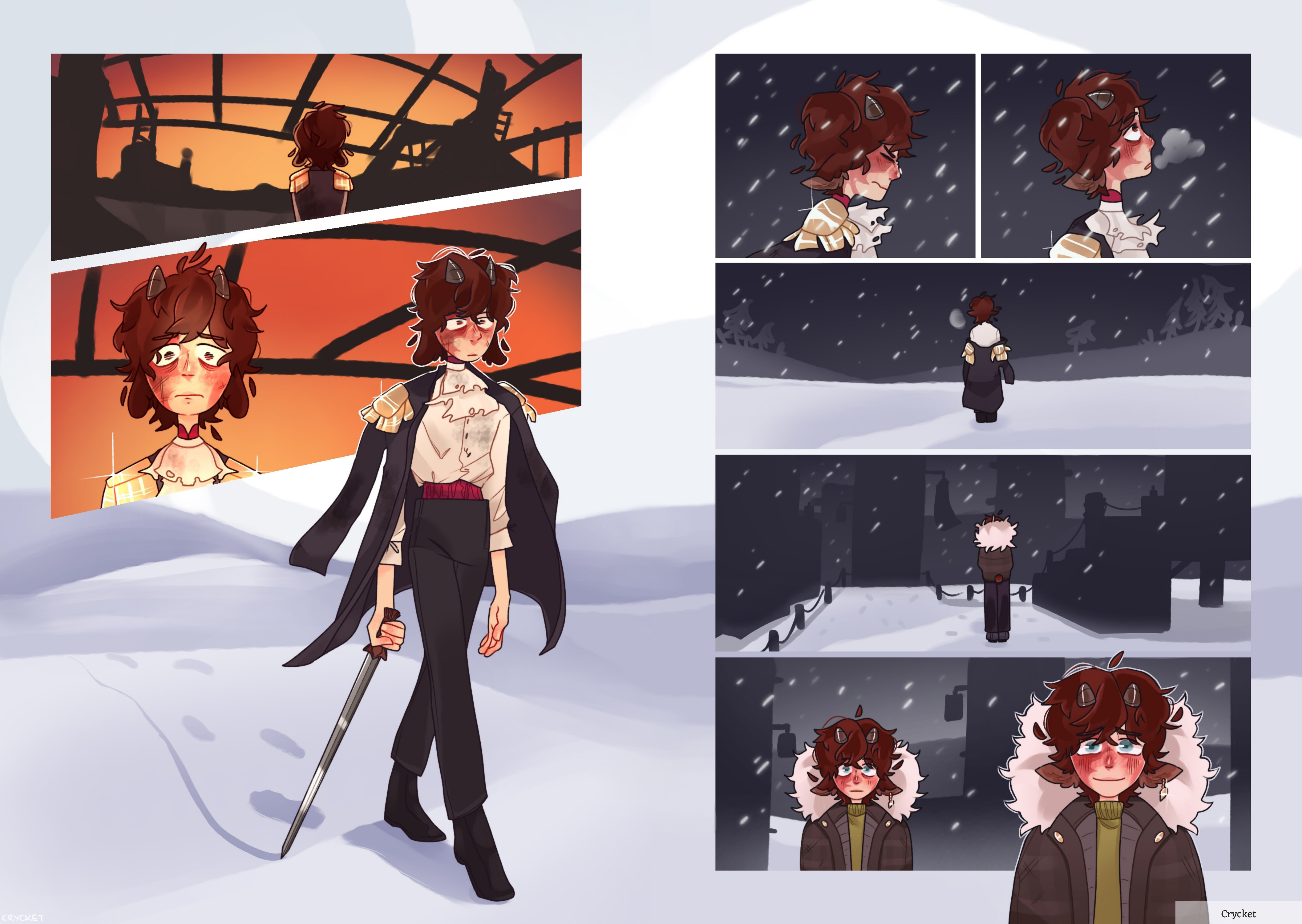

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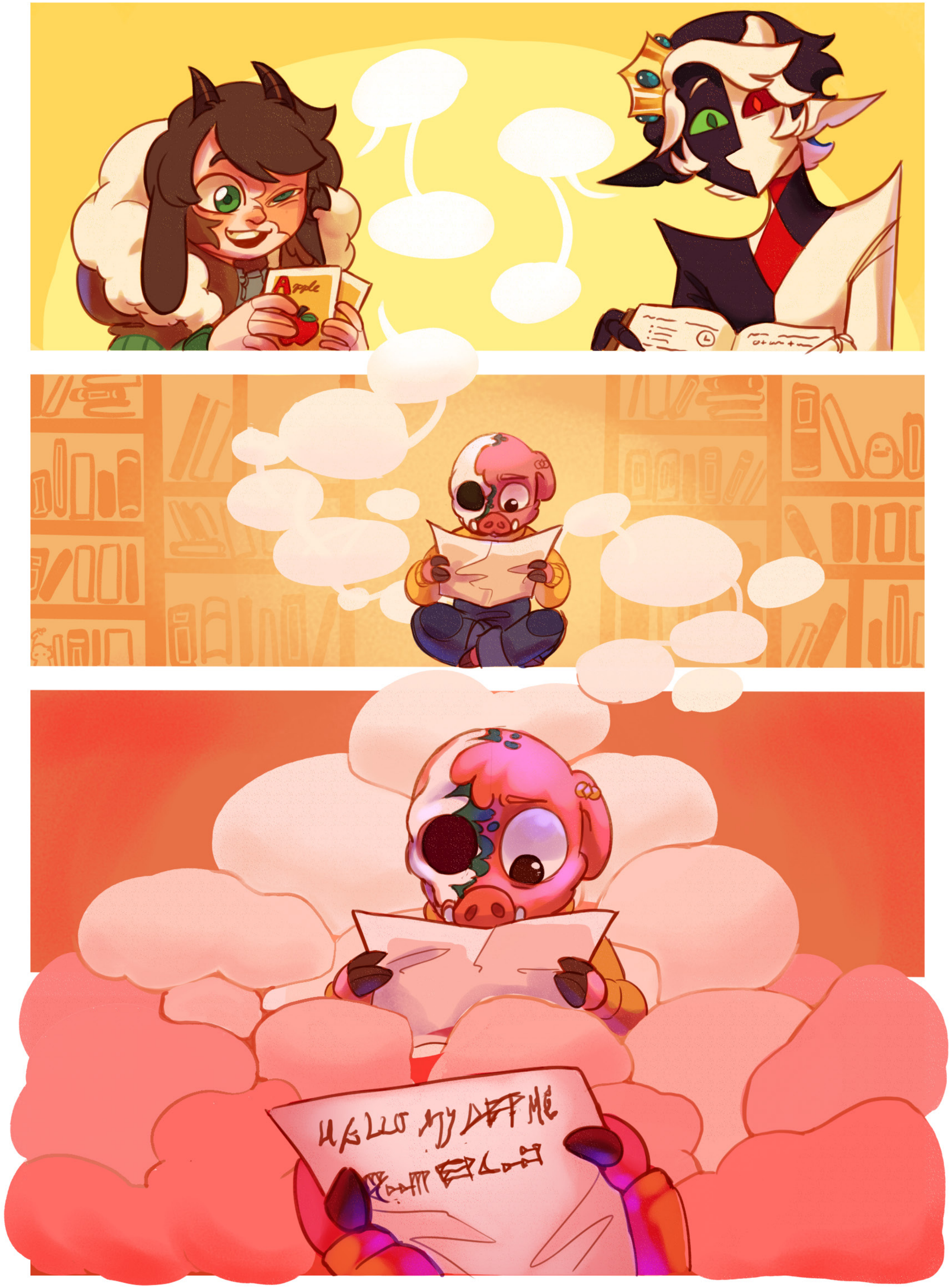
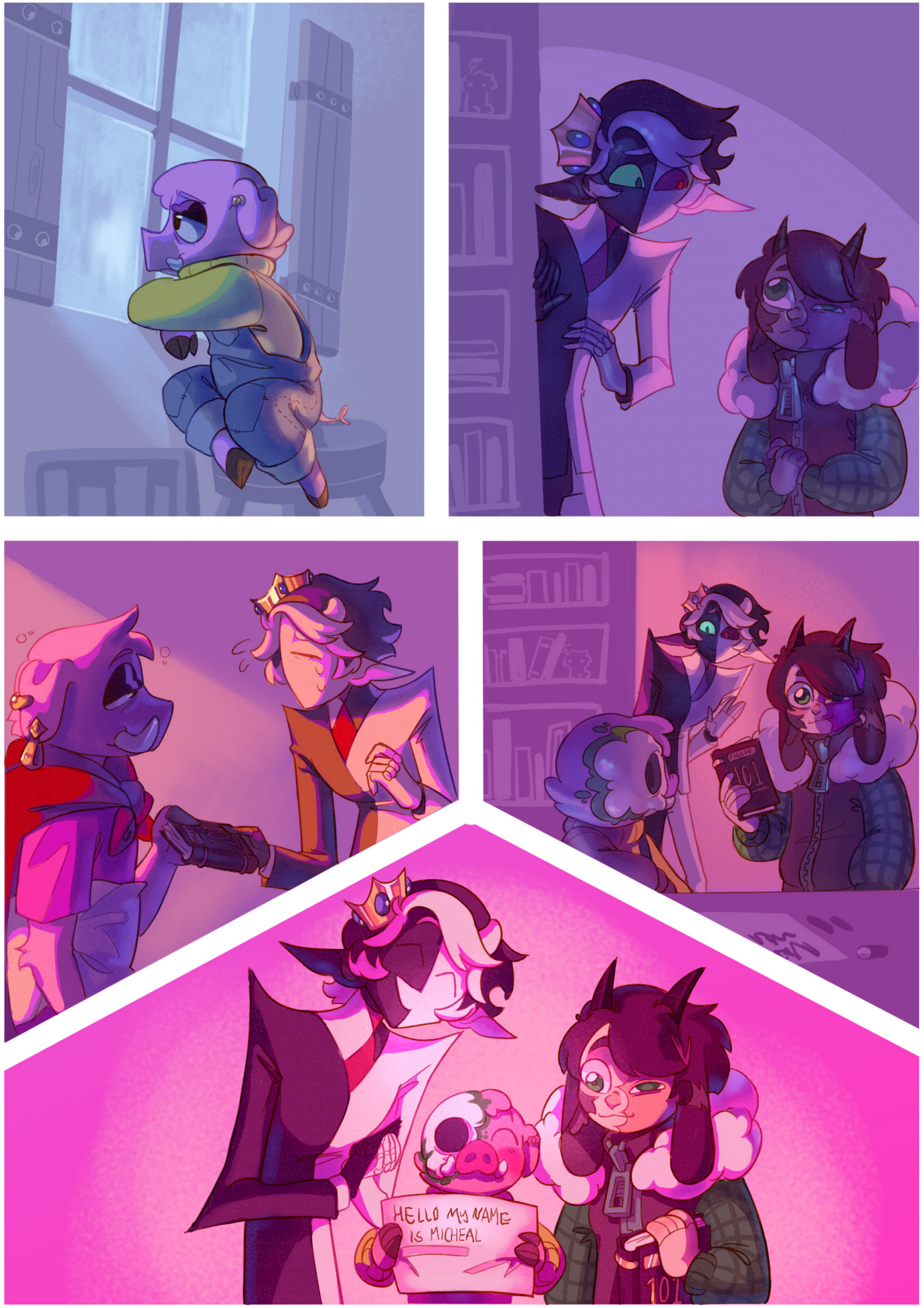
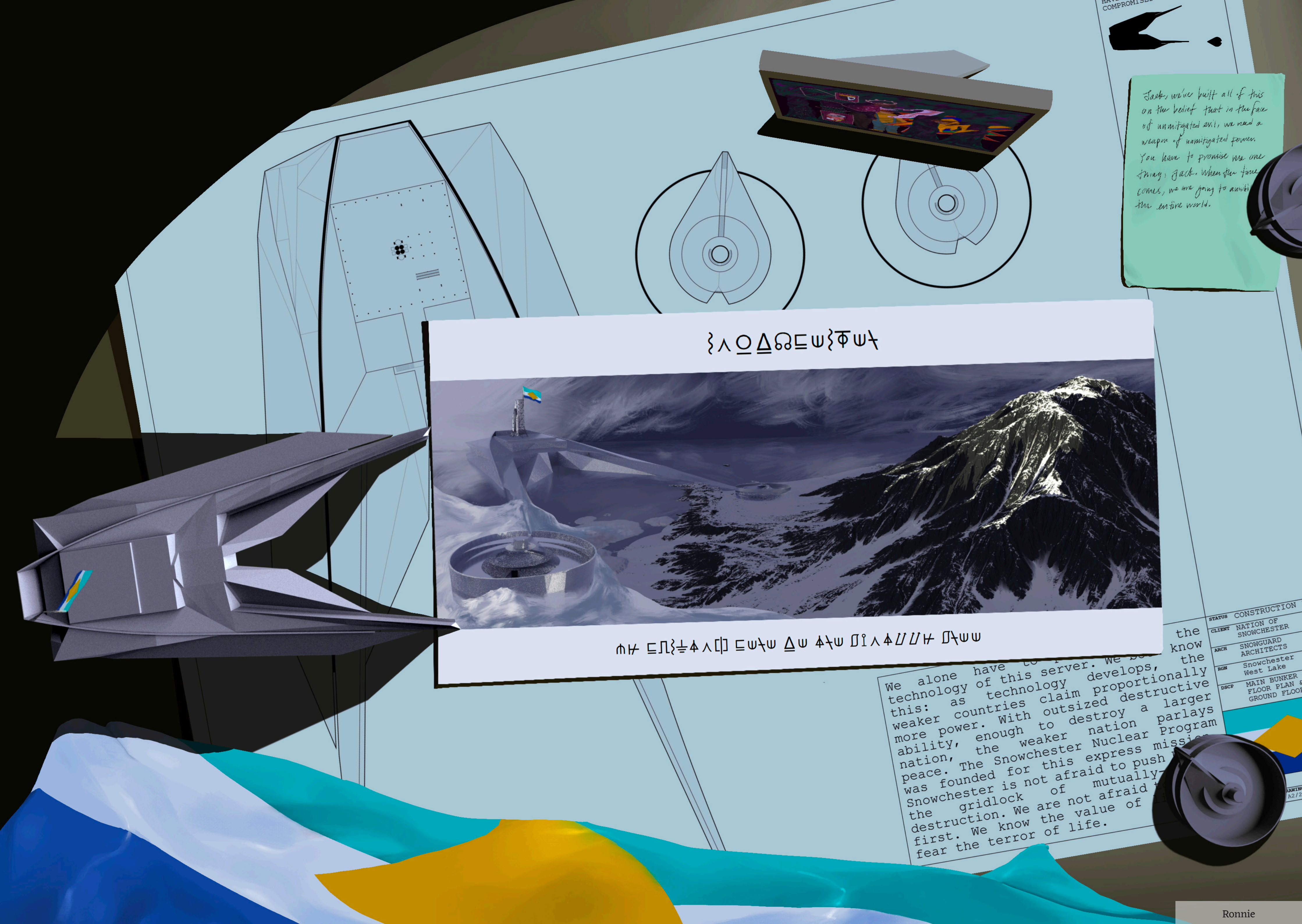

Apple
HELLO MY DEFME


101
HELLO MY NAME IS MICHEAL
101

Connor

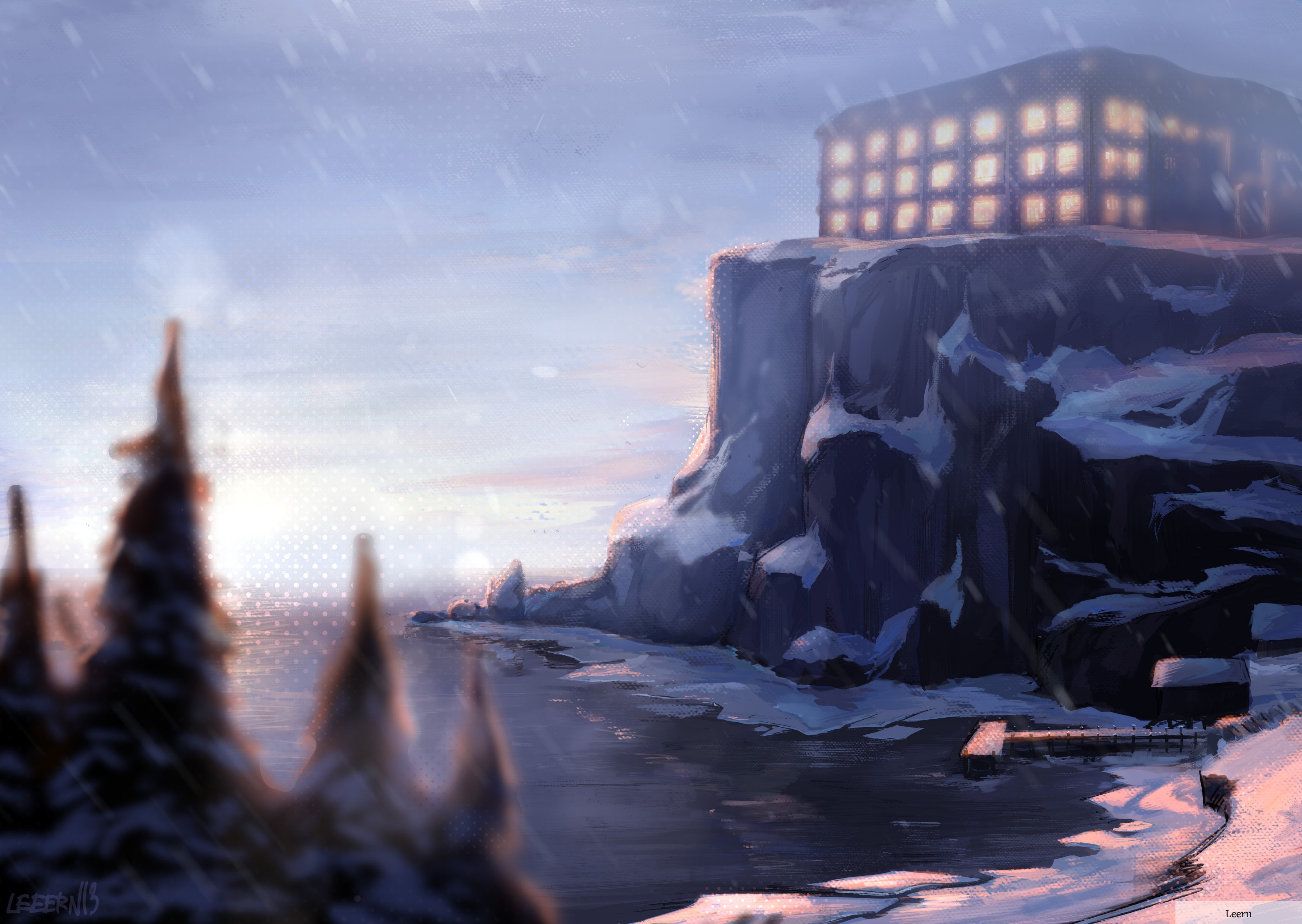


Jack, we've built all of this on the belief that in the face of unmitigated evil, we need a weapon of unmitigated power. You have to promise me one thing, Jack. When the time comes, we are going to annihi[illegible] the entire world.

We alone have to [illegible] the technology of this server. We [illegible] know this: as technology develops, the weaker countries claim proportionally more power. With outsized destructive ability, enough to destroy a larger nation, the weaker nation parlays peace. The Snowchester Nuclear Program was founded for this express missi[illegible] Snowchester is not afraid to push [illegible] the gridlock of mutually-[illegible] destruction. We are not afraid t[illegible] first. We know the value of [illegible] fear the terror of life.

STATUS	CONSTRUCTION
CLIENT	NATION OF SNOWCHESTER
ARCH	SNOWGUARD ARCHITECTS
RGN	Snowchester West Lake
DSCP	MAIN BUNKER FLOOR PLAN & GROUND FLOO
RAWIN	A2/2

Ronnie



Leern

Beck

Pink In Ink

Ranboo closes his eyes, inhaling Snowchester’s sharp, wintery scent. The monstrous groans of the zombies shambling below have dimmed, the snow almost drowning out the rot.

The moon casts a pale glow over the houses, illuminating empty porches and snowcapped roofs. Though he can’t see it, Ranboo knows beyond the evergreen trees and rolling, glacier-made drumlins lies the prison; dark and looming with enough mining fatigue to put a golem to sleep.

It’s funny, really, how things ended up. Dream is locked away behind a wall of fire and brimstone, alone with nothing but his thoughts and the bubble of magma. Ranboo is safe at home with a family that loves him, his husband asleep in their room. No chains, no bars, only the quiet whistle of wind in the rafters.

He’s not really thinking when he lifts his leg over the banister— no, he’s not thinking at all when he finds himself gripping the rail like a lifeline with his heels barely balancing on the edge of the balcony.

A breath. Cold air escapes his lips, frost-white and shallow.

“Ranboo?”

He turns and Tubbo is standing in the doorframe with a thick woolen blanket clutched tight around his shoulders. His eyes are crinkled with sleep.

The familiar fear comes back in a rush. Ranboo’s hands shake a little and he climbs back over the banister, the sudden hopelessness gone in a flash. The feeling is still there, of course— lingering on the tips of his fingers and sending jolts of ice up his spine. But the overwhelming desire to live drowns everything else out.

“Oh,” he says, almost to himself. “Oh, Prime.”

Despite the cold, Tubbo sheds the blanket and steps out to curl his hands around Ranboo’s waist. He buries his head in the soft fabric of his shirt. “Tell me what happened.”

“I— I thought— What are you doing out here?”

Tubbo sighs, puffs of steam fading into the winter air. His nose is cherry-red from the cold and his shoulders shake a little in the wind. “It’s ok. You’re— you’re ok. Fuck, man.”

“You don’t know what I’ve done. I’m— I’m not supposed to be here. Not like this.”

“Yeah?” Tubbo says sharply, eyes biting as he stares up at Ranboo with an accusing glare. “And what about Michael? You committed, Ranboo. To him. To us. You can’t back out on me like that.”

“You deserve better than this.”

“Yeah. I deserve someone who won’t fucking quit on me. Our son is asleep downstairs and what do you do? You slip away in the dead of night to launch yourself off our balcony to be found half-eaten by mobs in the morning. Did you even think of me? Did you even think to say goodbye?”

“Tubbo, I—“

“No, you don’t get to do this to me,” Tubbo says, ripping away from him to brace his hands against the railing. “Not after— not after everything we’ve been through.”

I love you, Ranboo wants to say. I love you as far as the ice stretches beneath us. I love you, I love you, I love you.

He keeps his mouth shut and crosses the balcony. Tubbo scoffs, his nostrils flaring. Snow starts to fall— little flakes dusting their hair and melting on skin. Six points, Ranboo remembers. Each one a crystal unlike all the others.

“This was always my favorite part of Snowchester,” Ranboo says, cutting into the thick silence. “The snow. The way it pads the hills with white, coating every inch of the streets in flakes like sugar cotton. It’s soft and cold and— and tangible, I can feel it and it feels just like it’s supposed to. It feels just like you’d expect it to.”

He can see Tubbo’s lip curl in the shadow of the moonlight. Ranboo resists the urge to reach out and hold him, a palliative gesture not quite big enough to fill the rift spread out in front of them. So he waits. He waits and lets the silence speak for him, words thrust into space without padding nor elegance.

Tubbo’s rosied hands clench into fists, his brow furrowed and knuckles white. His exhales are long and dragging things, settling hot on the icy pause.

He glides the pad of his thumb over the metal and watches the snow come away with it. The warped red skin over his eye shifts, the old burn glistening and blistered. It still hurts, he said once, fingers carding gently through Ranboo’s hair as they laid on the couch together, limbs tangled and vision blurred with sleep. It’s been well long since the Festival and sometimes it just… stings. In the mornings when I’m brushing my teeth, at night when I’m with you, eating up the little moments like it can’t get enough of my shit. Like it’s digging into my life and grinding up all the good bits.

Ranboo hadn’t said anything else that night. He stayed quiet, listening to Tubbo’s breathing get even and deep, his hands stilling in his hair and eyes finally shutting. He just let Tubbo’s confession disappear like dust swept under a rug. Now, he can’t help but think he should’ve done something, anything, to balm the years Tubbo has spent alone with nothing to lean on but a crumbling country.

“Please say something,” Ranboo says, unable to take it any longer.

“What do you want me to say?” Tubbo demands, voice cracking. “That I forgive you? That everything’s going to be ok? Because I can’t, Ranboo. I can’t lie like that.“

“Then tell the truth.”

“Fine. You want the truth? I’ll give you the truth.

Tubbo lets out a shuddering breath. “Look, seeing you on this balcony? Out here in the cold, alone with your thoughts and— and that fucking prison over there?” He points out toward the black walls in the distance, “It scared me. It scared me more than I’ve been in a long time. I can’t lose you. Not like I almost lost Tommy.”

Ranboo lifts Tubbo’s knuckles to his face, brushing his lips over them and tasting the rawness from the cold. “I know. I know. I shouldn’t have thought of it, I should’ve told you. I’m… I’m sorry.” I don’t know what to say to make you forgive me.

Tubbo’s head drifts back to notch into the curve of Ranboo’s chest, his heartbeat slow and methodical against him with fingers tangling in the folds of Ranboo’s clothes.

He’s tracing patterns on his stomach now. Pressing circles into Ranboo’s skin like instinct, sending warm blooms of smoke through the other’s nerves. It feels gentle, familiar. Safe.

He wants to steal away this moment and tuck it in his pocket, warm and hidden from the corroding hand of time. Cloth to skin, body to body, solid but not quite whole anymore. The tip of Tubbo's nose finds the groove between his collarbones and nestles in. "Are you ok?"

"I don't know."

"Can I… Can I make it better?"

The dredging pause says more than enough.

"Right. Just— just, you know I love you, yeah? By Prime I love you. More than I should, honestly. But I'm not leaving, all right? I'm not leaving for anything. You can push and pull and cry all you want, I'm not going anywhere."

Tears pinch at the corners of his eyes now— the sting of water biting into his skin and drawing boiled blood. Ranboo just wipes them away with a grimace. "What if I hurt you?"

"Then we'll deal with it. Look, this is my promise to you— so long as we're still here, still fighting and breathing and moving, I'm going to be there for you. I'm going to hold you, I'm going to help you. I'm not leaving for anything, okay? Not a damn thing."

Ranboo's lip trembles and he lets himself lean into the embrace. Hands tangle and limbs jut out in odd places, but the slow thump, thump, thump of twin heartbeats overtakes it all. He feels the cool press of metal when Tubbo lifts his hand to his neck, wedding ring taking on temperature from so long spent outside.

"Look at me," Tubbo says, cupping his chin and forcing Ranboo to look down at him. "I love you. And I want to make this work. But that means together, boss man. I need to know you want that. I need to know that you want this."

"Of course I want it," Ranboo murmurs, "You're my best friend. I'm just— I can't— what if I forget you? I've forgotten so much, Tubbo. I don't know if I have the strength to forget you, too."

"Strength's worth nothing if you're dead."

Dead. The word sends a shiver down his spine, gelid and uncomfortable with no room to turn around and ignore it. It sits red and thick on his tongue, clogging his throat and wrapping sluggish tendrils around his lungs. Something tugs at him in the back of his mind— a thought, a memory, something acrid, but it disappears in a flash. He remains standing in the cold with arms hugging tight to someone he made a promise to, a promise to remember and remain.

He opens his mouth to speak and feels warm arms drop from his waist. Tubbo's still looking up, something unreadable in his shadowed gaze, and the corners of his mouth curl in a complicated smile.

"I'm going back to bed. Don't take too long."

The balcony feels so empty without him. The blanket abandoned on the tile, glass door open just a crack. An invitation so tentative and soft.

And maybe he shouldn't go back. Maybe he should forget what he swore all those nights ago, hand in hand with rings shining and brassy. To love someone is a daunting task— sharing a space, tender contact, holding needs and wants in two cupped hands and drinking from the spill. It takes guts and power Ranboo isn't quite sure he possesses. But he looks back at the door, the door that Tubbo jimmied the lock of when they got stuck outside, the door they've opened so many times to watch the sunset, the door that leads to halls full of memories and mirth and knowing glaces, and something in Ranboo melts. It melts and starts to fill the cracks in his heart, so spread and fractured like a kaleidoscope of blood and sinew. They aren't mended and maybe they never will be. But he's cold and the mansion is so warm, the halls look so inviting, and he can't bring himself to let it all go. To allow love so willingly given slip through his grasp and disappear without a trace, to let his blood stain crimson on the powder below. He can't do that to his son and he can't do it to Tubbo.

He makes a promise that night, alone on the balcony. Just like he did so long ago in the snow and mulch, looking down at a familiar scarred face and holding calloused hands. People, not sides. I choose to be your person and I choose to love you until we are finally put to rest.

He is not going to die. He will not settle beneath newly-packed earth, those who have loved him lingering by a rough-hewn grave. He will continue on as he always has, one foot in front of the other and a mouth full of questions. He will ask and ask and ask, the memories tumbling from the chalice he holds them in so carefully and he won't ever stop trying to fill it. Cup and axe, metal and glass. They're oil and water, the two of them— Tubbo forged in a crucible of bone and grease, roots once spread so deep he forgot they could be pulled. Ranboo distilled from weaker, murkier things, no inkling as to how to even begin to grow.

He kneels and traces the relic Tubbo left behind, feeling the knit and smiling at the fond memories it conjures. He remembers when Tubbo sewed it, a couple months into their marriage when they'd just moved into their old house in the Snowchester village. Radiator broken and swears abound, Tubbo rummaged through their trunks and found a spool of green wool— a wedding gift from Niki.

Tubbo had learned to knit that afternoon. This blanket was made from loving trial and error, every knot and mistake a testament to Tubbo's stubborn persistence. A reminder. A symbol.

Ranboo gathers it up in his arms and presses his face into it, smelling tinges of metal from Tubbo's long nights in his workshop. He's surprised at how easily the memories surface, little scraps he's been begging for for so long trickling into the chalice simple and quiet. Sharing during thunderstorms. Tossing it onto the too-cold bed when they moved a second time. Holding tight to Michael while blizzard winds howled outside, legs tangling comfortably with Tubbo's. This ratty blanket has followed them everywhere, a constant in the wake of endless uncertainties.

"I love you," he says— realizes. "I love you enough to stay."

He rises, blanket in hand and mind made up. Moonlight crests the balcony in pale blue, purple particles mixing with the dusting of snowflakes. The threshold lies just a step in front of him, Tubbo's curled frame only a few doors down the hall.

Heart caught in his throat and something simmering in his chest, he crosses it with a smile.

Acid

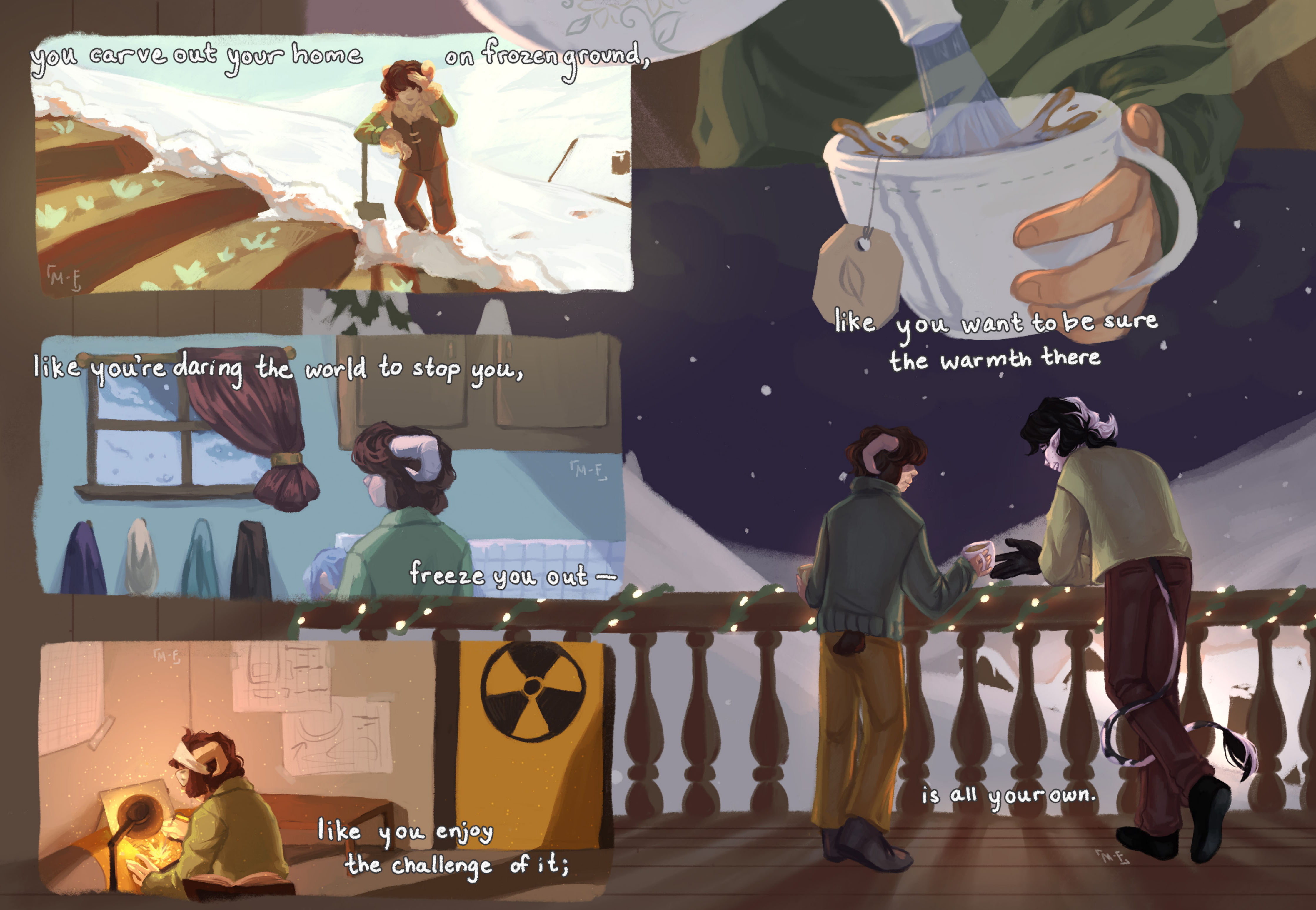
Anna

@ForSequence

Four

Welcome
to
PROJECT
DREAMCATCHER

Hop :}


you carve out your home on frozen ground,
like you're daring the world to stop you,
freeze you out —
like you enjoy
the challenge of it;
like you want to be sure
the warmth there
is all your own.
M-F
M-F
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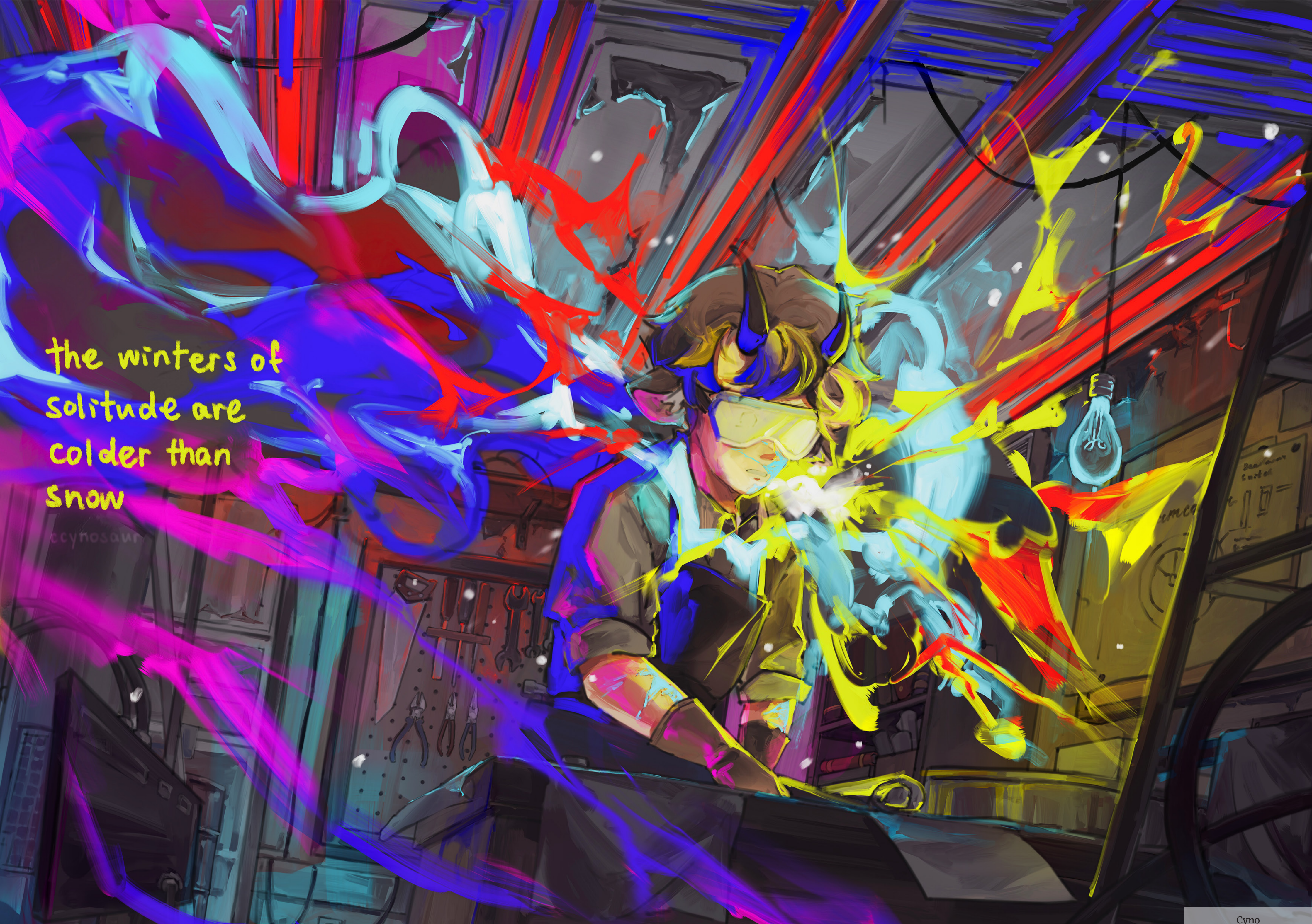
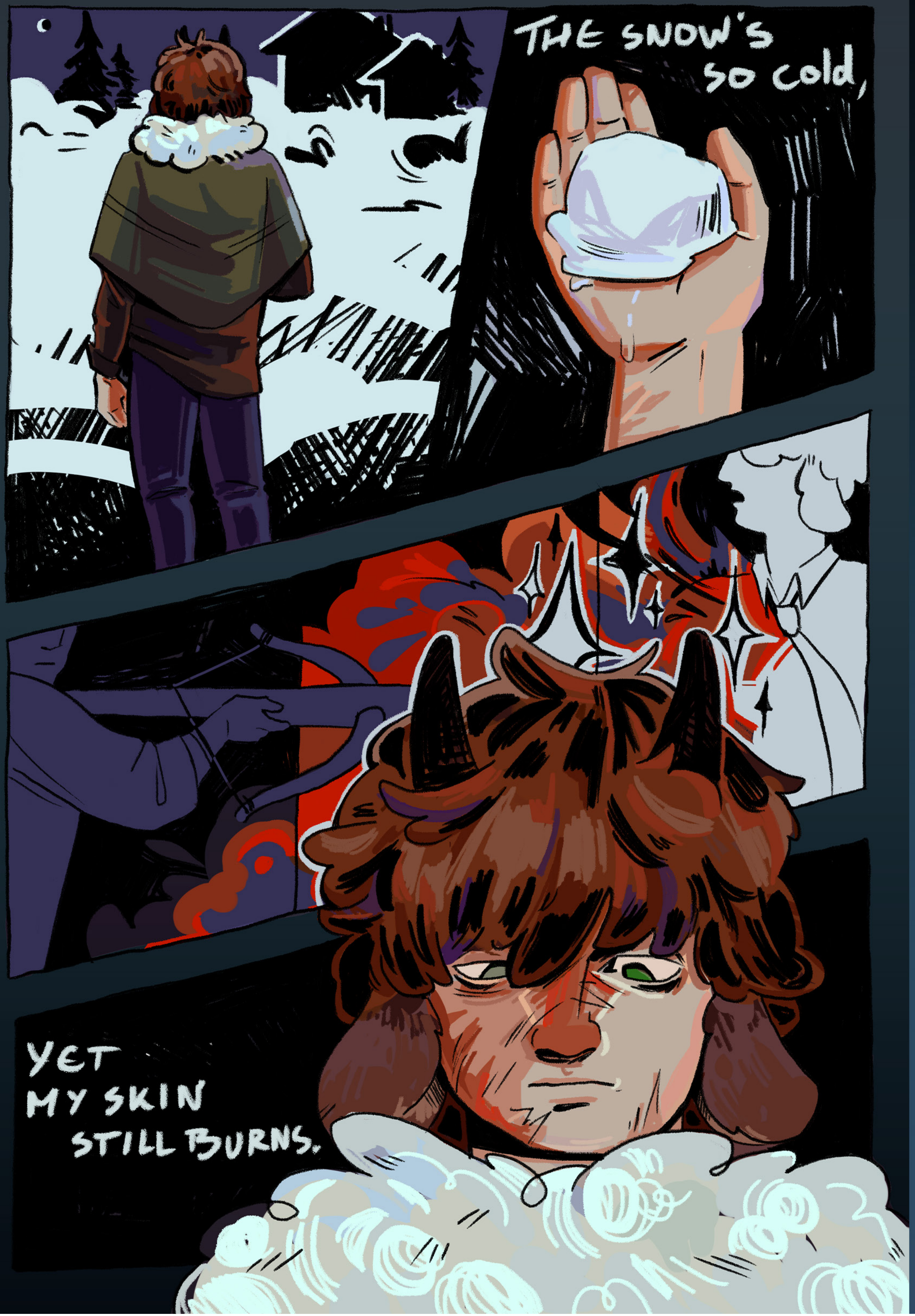
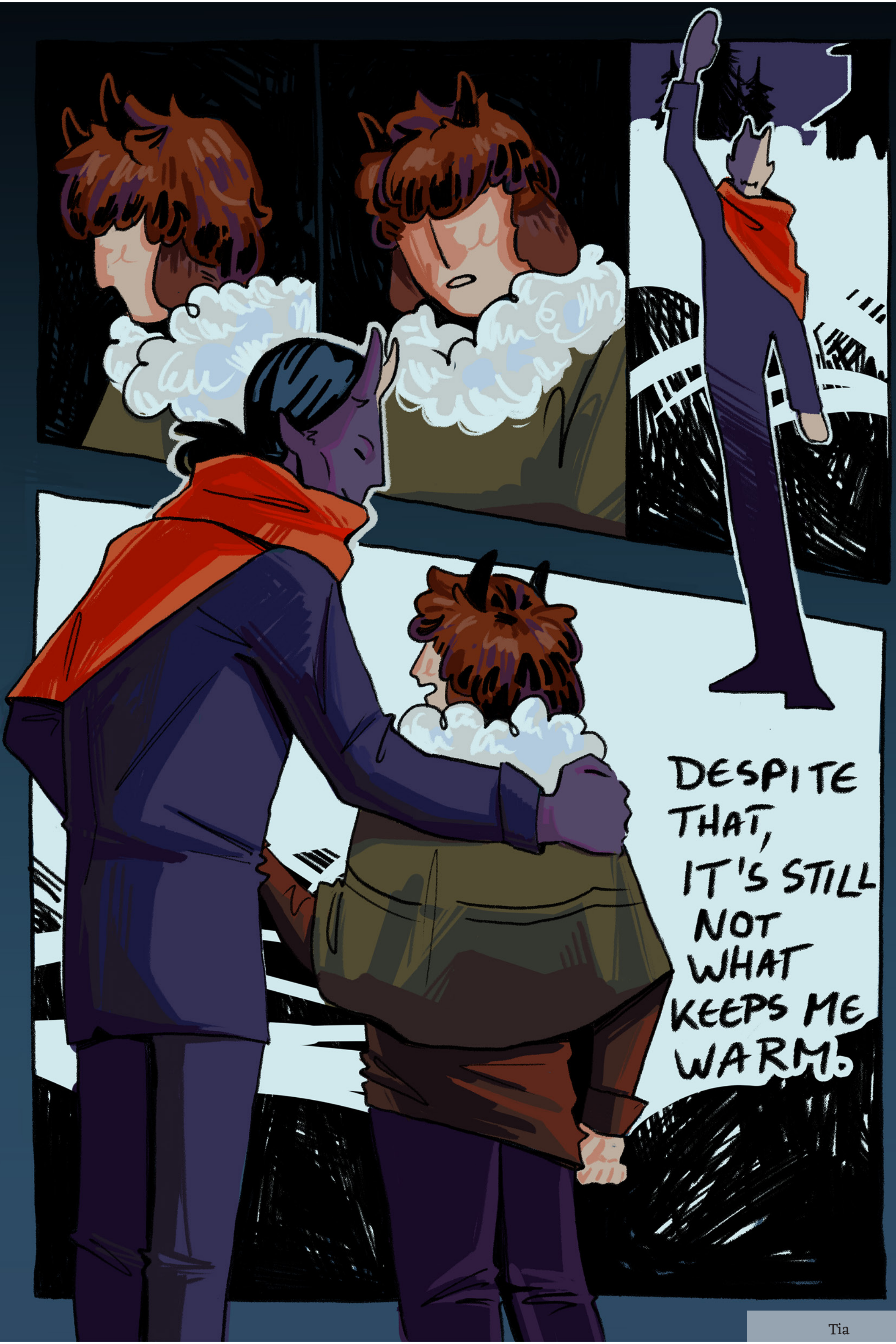
M-F

Mallory


the winters of solitude are colder than snow
ccynosaur

Cyno


THE SNOW'S so cold,
YET MY SKIN STILL BURNS.


DESPITE THAT, IT'S STILL NOT WHAT KEEPS ME WARM.

Tia

Day 174 Post L’Manburg Explosion — Story #2

Written by: Vienna

It’s cold.

Tubbo has learnt that it is always cold here in Snowchester—hence the name, he supposes—but not the kind that he had been anticipating. The crisp air of everlasting winters are foreign, of course, to his skin that’s used to the warmth of L’manberg days and meadows with Tommy, and then the artificial coldness of presidential buildings, but he knows what a snowfall’s chill is supposed to feel like. Pure. Rejuvenating. Natural most of all.

He had never liked air conditioning much, not even in sweltering summers, preferring instead to catch whatever breeze the sky wanted to offer him. The wind in his hair, gently brushing his cheeks, is the kind of soothing coolness that Tubbo knows. It dances between the gaps in his fingers and coaxes the rosy flush in his cheeks to flood out and remind him that he’s alive, so, so alive.

But this? The sensation of snow burying him alive in his cottage, an eerie silence enveloping the town even worse than the winter? He can hardly stand it. It makes him feel dead, like a wraith. Barely here, barely there, belonging to nowhere at all.

Even ghosts make their presence known. Tubbo’s been violently expunged from the history books.

Which, he admits, may be a little too on the nose as far as irony goes, but he’s never been a writer, anyway; not like Wilbur, who had never seen him as more than a discordant note in his “unfinished symphony,” or even Ranboo, his dear husband with half the server’s riches, half his living memory, and no grave. Nowhere to pay respects to. No tombstone for Tubbo to wipe snow off of. And no Michael, to hold and console. Somehow Tubbo thinks that’s more of a blessing than a curse. A reminder, never mind how cruel it may be, that everything good in his life will be taken away. He shouldn’t get too comfortable.

That’s not who I am, he reminds himself immediately. I’m not that kind of person. But what if he is? What if he never really cared, what if he’s just as horrible as the history books say? An unnamed leader of the now desolate country. A traitor. A spy. Tubbo stares at his hands—one gunmetal blue, one flesh—and sees the frost blooming on the surface of ribbed hardware.

It’s still cold. It seems like the unrelenting weather won’t let him forget. Tubbo peeks out of his windows, ignoring the violent blast of cold air compressed and funneled right through the small gaps between the frames, probably shrunken from circumstance or some other matter irrelevant. White piles up outside, covering Snowchester entirely in an icy sheet of snow. So much for not being on the nose.

He lost time staring out as if he had any pleasant thoughts to lose himself in, and not a spiral of doom. Death and destruction follows wherever he goes. Any attempt at consolation or prevention falls apart and so does his home, his friends and family, and he so dearly misses his child. Tubbo feels sick from worry; there must be more he can do than lament the absence of whatever it is that’s carved him hollow inside.

Even the hardwood flooring inside his cottage’s frozen over. His boots—why is he wearing boots indoors?—make a hollow ringing sound as Tubbo walks away from the window on autopilot. He’s tired, he’s alone. It seems like his rational mind has decided to leave him to fend for himself. Hands find the worn, but strong weave of rope and he hoists himself up the ladder to Michael’s room, pushing open the trapdoor and sitting on the floor with his legs hanging down.

It’s considerably warmer here. Despite the climate of Snowchester being what it is, Tubbo had torn down the walls to put the most insulation he could manage in before putting them back up; Michael being from the Nether, he thought that his child wouldn’t mix well with snow. And so the attic was born. With tiny clattering hoofsteps and the tell-tale laughter of a toddler, the bedroom is lively, but now it is as desolate as the Arctic wasteland that has taken over outside. The colors are dull and the paintings mock him.

Tubbo gets up, closes the door with his foot, and sits by the bed with his head resting on the mattress. It smells like the baby powder they use on Michael.

Unwillingly, sleep reclaims him.

•

What rouses him isn’t a feeling of rest, or a fresh hot water spring of energy that puts a sparkle in his eyes and ideas buzzing around his head. It has been a long time indeed since Tubbo had felt anything quite as restorative. Instead, he comes to with the thunderclap feeling of hollow grief freshly re-carved into his chest cavity. Loss hasn’t spared him the ache of anything else; there is no reprieve from life, but an added weight of sorrow everyone except him seems to carry just fine.

“Look who’s finally awake!” rings out through Michael’s bedroom—which is odd, because he knows no one’s around. He’s snowed in. And his arm’s burning, like he’s on fire again, showered by incandescent blue-white-red sparks in a yellow concrete box. Does he really have the patience for a spectre of a familiar voice when the only bit of rest he’s gotten is delirious on his son’s bed?

"Get out of my house," Tubbo mutters into Michael's bedsheets. The dull and searing sensation engulfing his non-existent arm has stayed at a reasonable and easily overlooked level, but remains nonetheless. A cruel reminder. He tugs off the metal contraption attached and lets it clatter uselessly to the ground, perhaps hoping it'll help.

The spectre-like voice inches closer. "What a way to greet your husband, Tubbo!"

Being that Tubbo's awkward position on the floor involves having his head supported on the small toddler bed and nothing else—he had slept this way and now, is paying the price with a strained neck—he has no way of seeing the source of this voice. Some parts of him are convinced he's simply dreaming.

"Well?" the voice echoes, expectant now. Tubbo can almost hear the crossed arms.

"Get out," he says again. Louder this time despite the fabric muffling it. "Not today."

"Is something wrong?" asks the voice, finally catching on, though Tubbo feels no different towards his intruder.

Something definitely is wrong, he thinks, cares thrown out the window in favor of adamantly ignoring the burning pain snaking its way around his jaw and arm, breathing in, breathing out. Leave, he wills. Whatever you are, leave.

"Oh." A recognition, or understanding of some sort, one Tubbo can't grasp because it's cold and he's alone and hurting and his son is gone and he's going to die alone and miserable and everyone he loves is either dead, too, or in danger or— "Breathe, Tubbo."

Breathe.

In, out, in, out, and in this moment the wraith sounds so much like Ranboo; his best friend, husband, a father, a companion, crying on the floor worrying about caring for Michael even when the tears burn his cheeks and empty-gazed eyes staring right through Tubbo in bad mornings where he just doesn't quite remember yet. The same person who would hold him when he just needs something real and remind him that he's not back, whatever horrors his mind has chosen to latch onto, in, out.

"I'm breathing," Tubbo agrees. His voice sounds foreign and raspy to himself. "Phantom limb pain."

"That's right. You're in Michael's room. You're safe." At this, a sardonic chuckle escapes not-quite-Ranboo, like a compulsion to point out the irony now that he can see it. "As safe as you can be, anyway."

"That's not... very helpful," coughs Tubbo, pushing himself up from his bed and discreetly wiping the tears that have pooled on the corner of his eyes. Ranboo pretends not to see it, now that Tubbo's looking his way; a graceful way to ignore a moment of weakness, with the subtlety he had lacked in life. "Hi."

Ranboo smiles. He looks dead. Haunting the Earth, wandering around with a cape fluttering around his shoulders and a two-toned wound dripping freshly on the hardwood floors, but Tubbo doesn't care about that—even the stinging of his arm has dulled down to a manageable ache. "Now that's the kind of greeting I wanted to hear."

"Sorry." Tubbo shifts from the ground to Michael's bed, sitting there and feeling like a little kid again, scared and alone and missing important pieces of his life. "I haven't been sleeping."

"I can tell," says Ranboo, reaching out to swipe a thumb over Tubbo's undereyes; not even flinching when the tears touch his skin. "You look exhausted. What happened?"

"Michael's gone," he mutters, waving around the room. No one's touched it except for the bed. It looks empty, like an echo of a happy memory, toys scattered around; much like the server. Littered with Tubbo's attempts at feeling safe and having something concrete. "I'm going to go find him. But now I'm tired."

"Sucks being alive. I'm never tired now."

"No need to gloat, big man."

"Of course not." Ranboo, or Ghostboo, perhaps, sits next to Tubbo and holds out his hands. Despite the slight metallic tang of blood that lingers (the way it did around Ghostbur, and he's sure it will around the dead who will remain when he's gone), it feels comforting. A hand runs through his hair. He feels tired. Is this the most he'll ever get, a pseudo-sense of security? Is this just what he deserves?

"Are you happy now that you're dead?" Tubbo asks.

Ranboo laughs lightly, exactly the way he did as Ranboo and not this ectoplasmic being sitting next to him with his arm around Tubbo—and he thinks that hurts more. "No. I can remember things, and man, was I stupid when I was alive—but I'm not any more happier than you are."

"That's discouraging."

“It is how it is.”

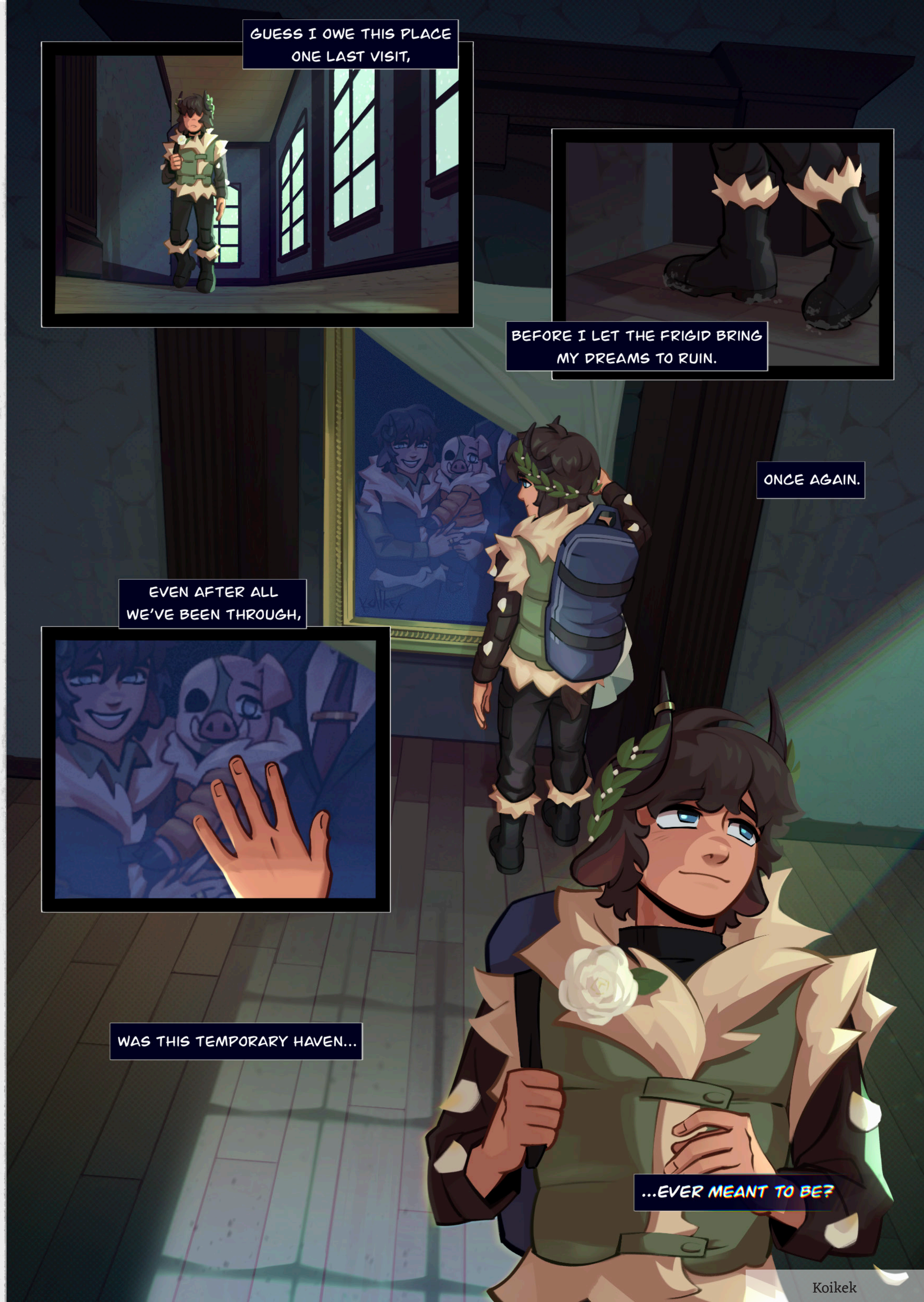
“Can I go back to sleep?”

“Yeah,” Ranboo hums, nudging Tubbo’s prosthetic arm out of the way. He hadn’t even realized the violent pain had dissipated until he saw the metal; no thanks to himself, but still, a relief that he can reach is a relief that he’ll take. “I’ll stay here. I’ll keep you safe for a bit. Not forever, but a bit.”

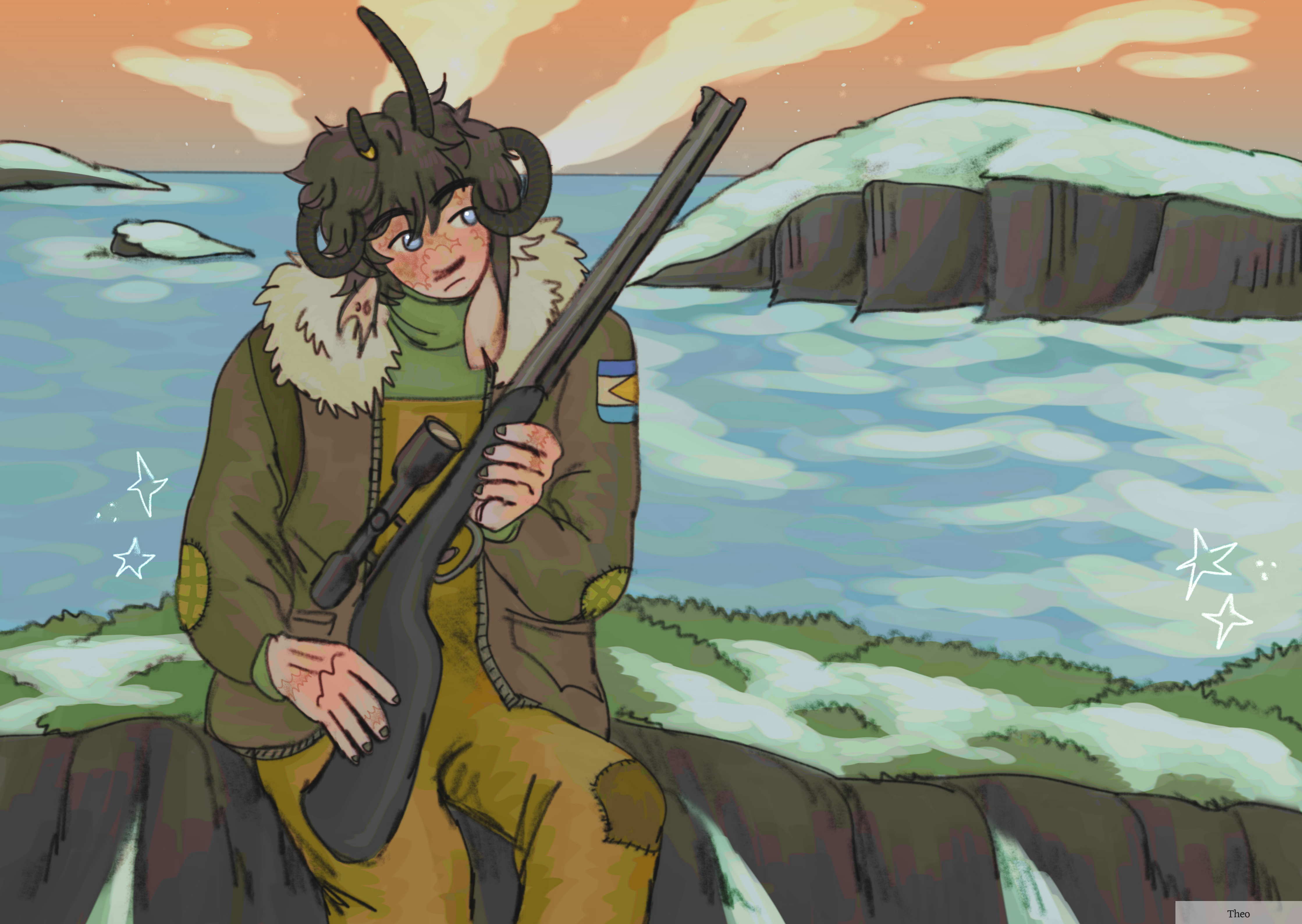
“A bit is better than nothing,” Tubbo mutters. “Good night.”

“Good night,” agrees Ranboo. And it has always been bits of good things, but truckloads of bad things: so he will take this and savor it and treasure it and keep it under lock and key, lest it gets taken away just like everything else.

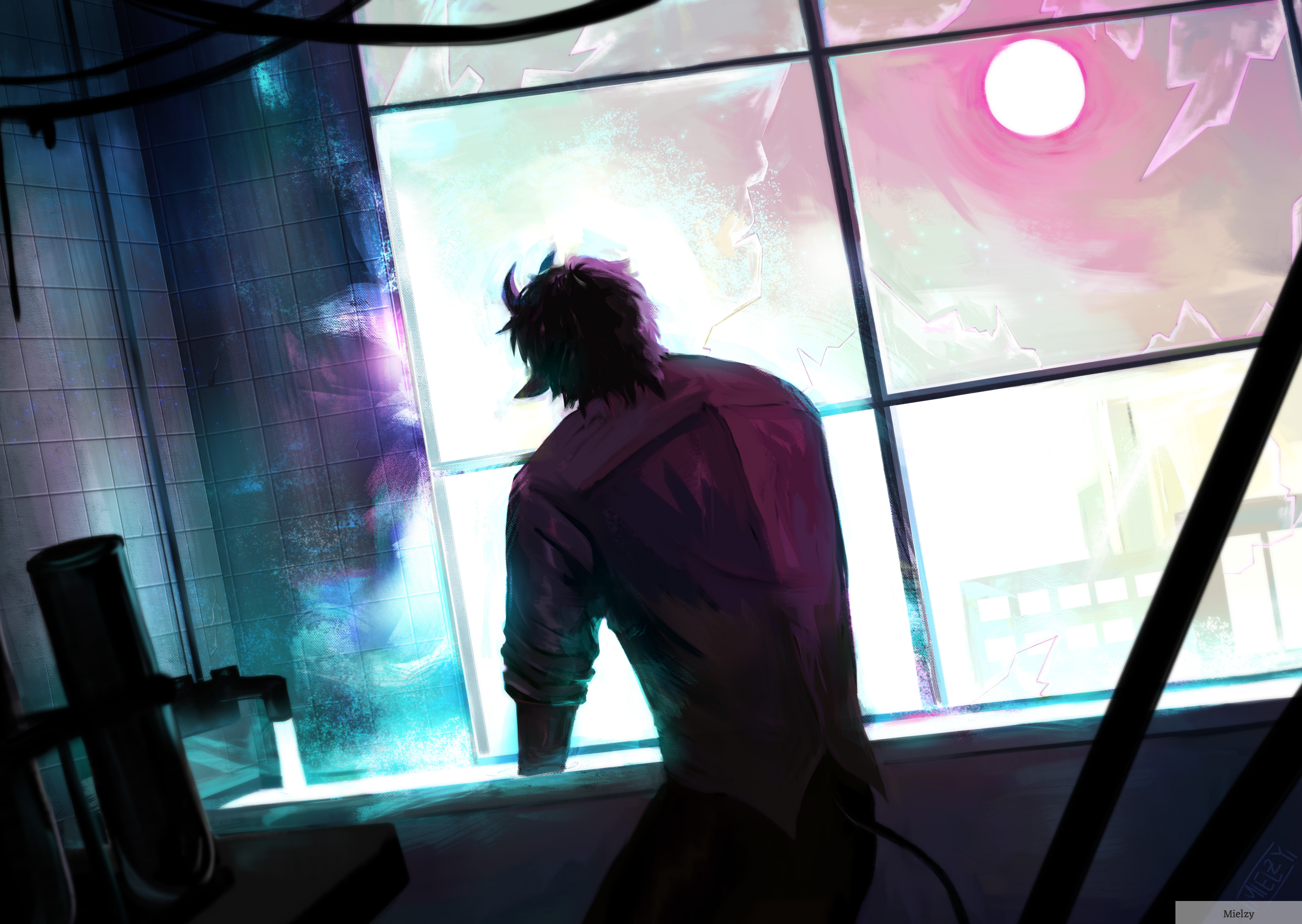
Snowchester is nothing more than a symbol to many people, but it is another broken attempt at a home to Tubbo—and he hasn’t found himself, but maybe he’s getting closer.


GUESS I OWE THIS PLACE ONE LAST VISIT,
BEFORE I LET THE FRIGID BRING MY DREAMS TO RUIN.
ONCE AGAIN.
EVEN AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH,
WAS THIS TEMPORARY HAVEN...
...EVER MEANT TO BE?

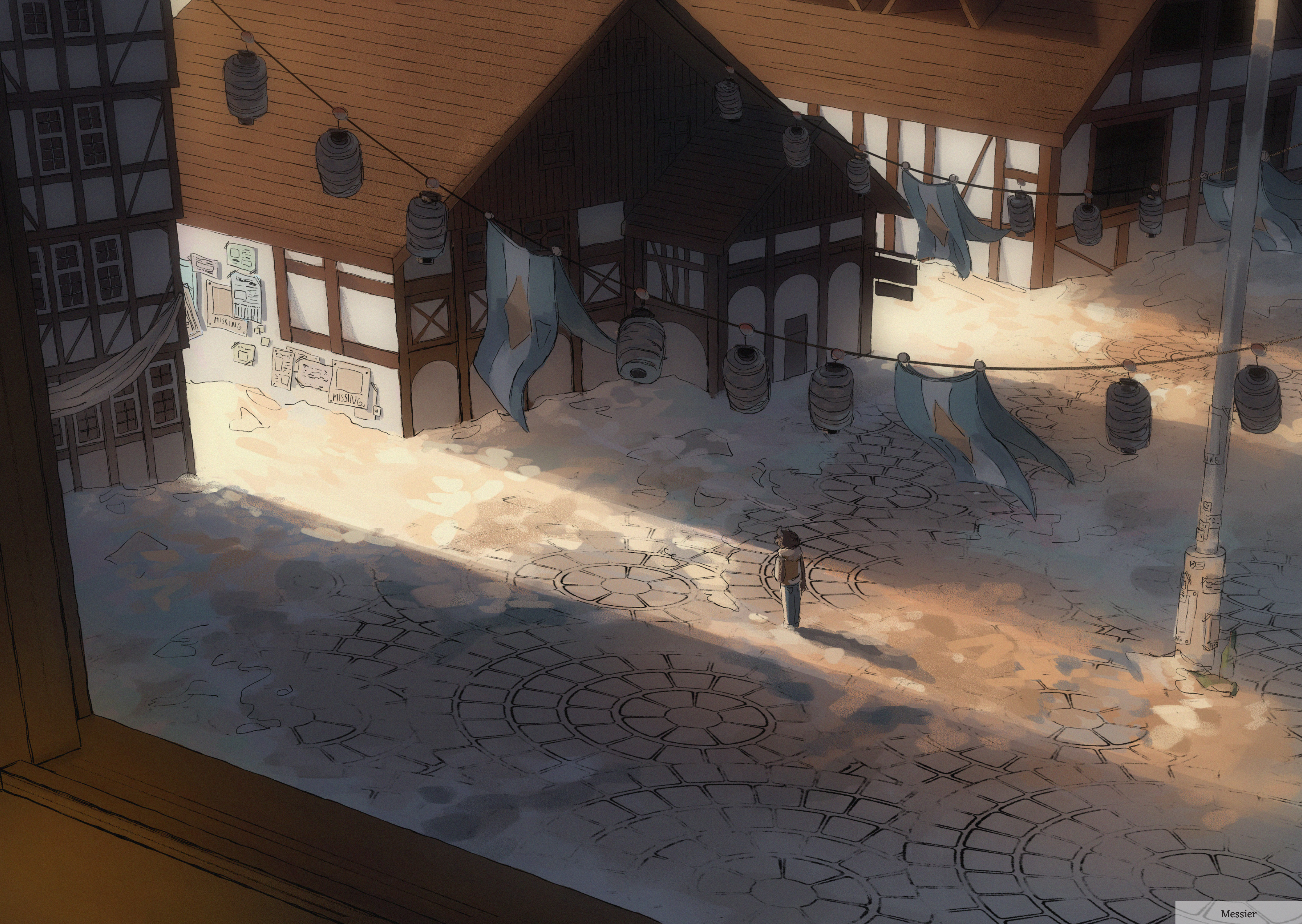
Koikek



Theo

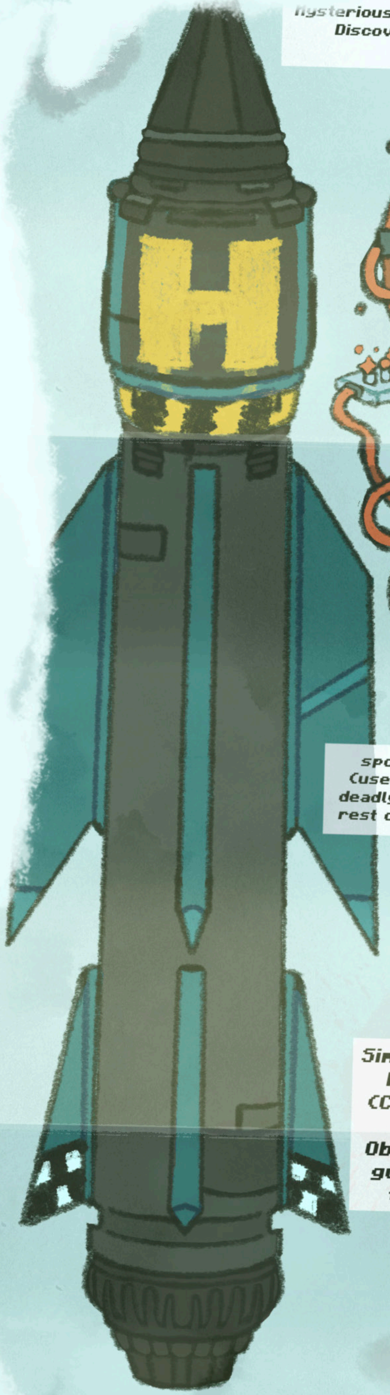


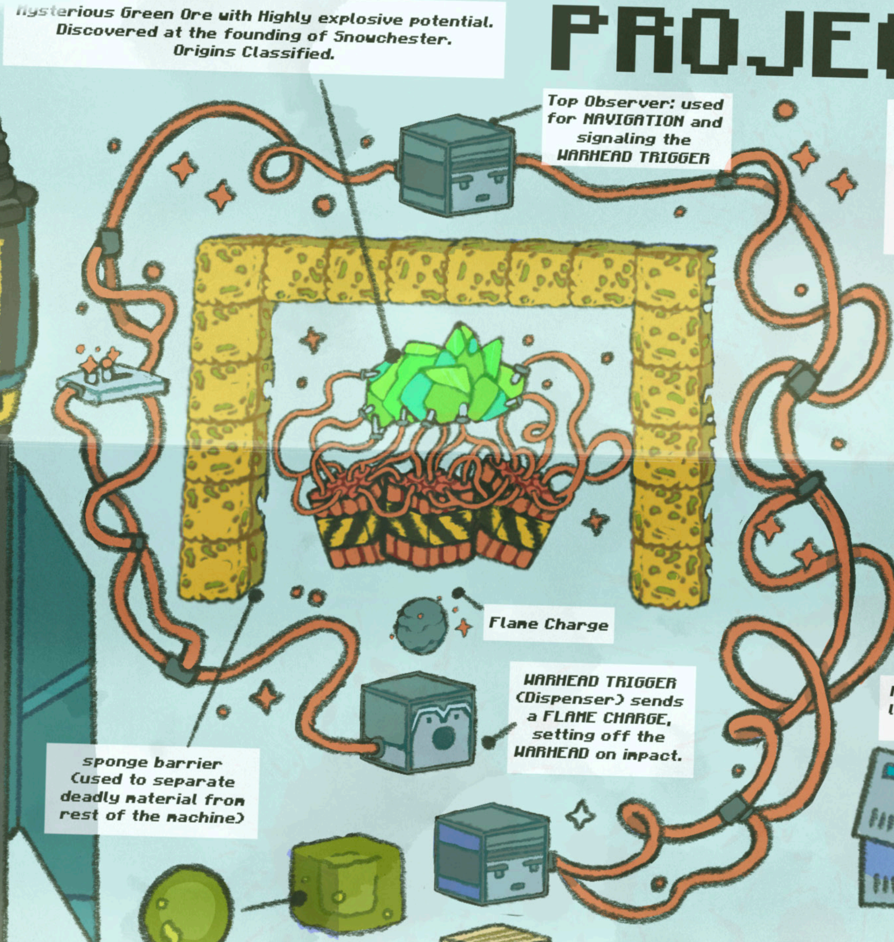
Mielzy

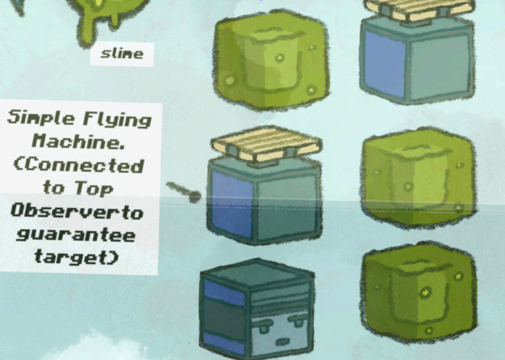

MISSING.
MISSING.

Messier

PROJECT DREAMCATCHER



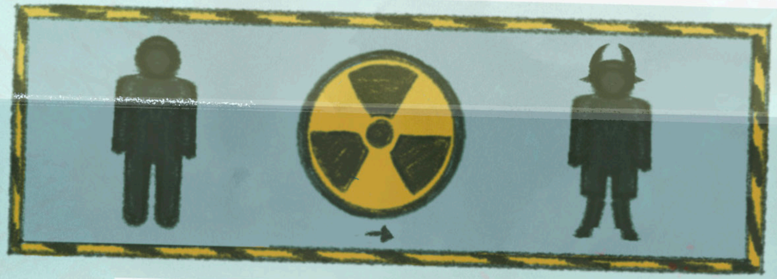



Mysterious Green Ore with Highly explosive potential. Discovered at the founding of Snowchester. Origins Classified.
Top Observer: used for NAVIGATION and signaling the WARHEAD TRIGGER
Flame Charge
WARHEAD TRIGGER (Dispenser) sends a FLAME CHARGE, setting off the WARHEAD on impact.
sponge barrier (used to separate deadly material from rest of the machine)
slime
Simple Flying Machine. (Connected to Top Observer to guarantee target)

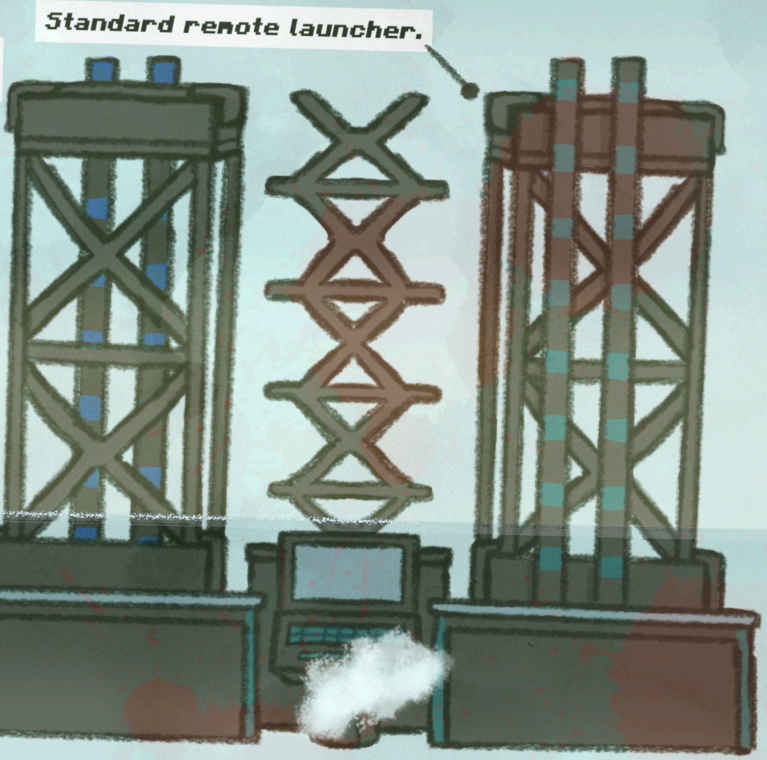
BEWARE:

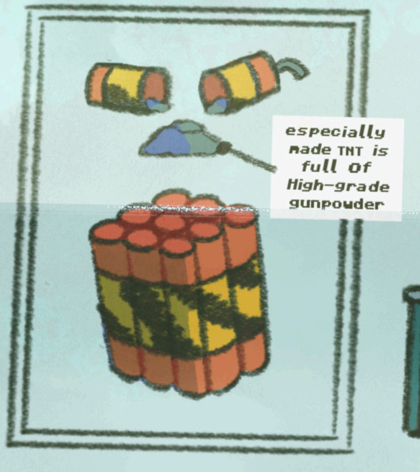
Unintended exposure to nuclear material has been reported to cause mutations, radiation sickness, and other side effects.

Citizens of Snowchester are advised to report any Unathorized Nuclear materials to the Founder Immediately.



Keycards used in launchers remote activation.


Standard remote launcher.


especially made TNT is full of High-grade gunpowder

Written by: Finn

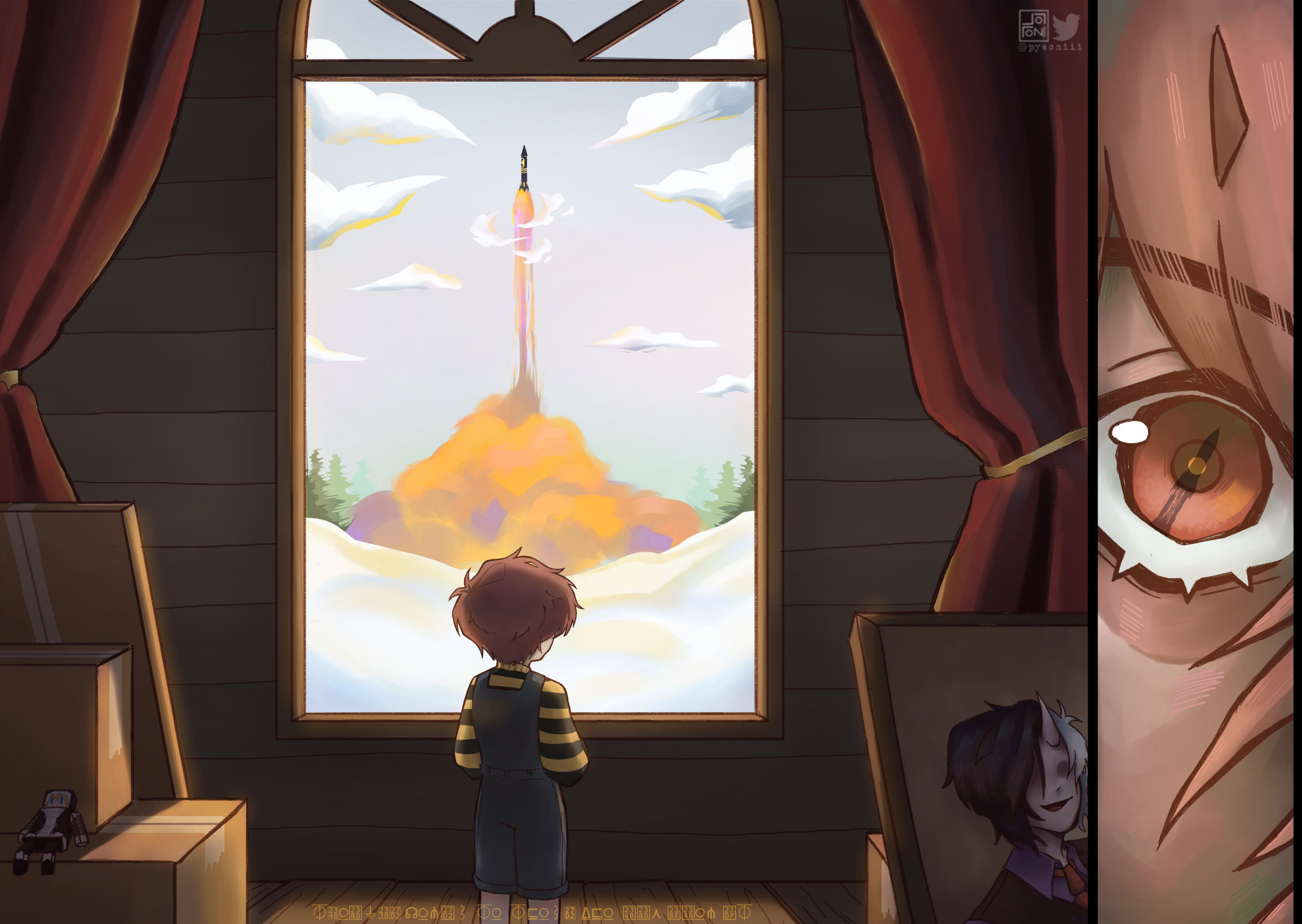
the spirit of the earth

People—mortal, foolish, feeble people—tell each other that home is not a place, but a feeling. A person, a moment.
The earth—the Earth—disagrees. The earth knows nests and huts and burrows, and it knows the meaning of home better than any creature ever will.

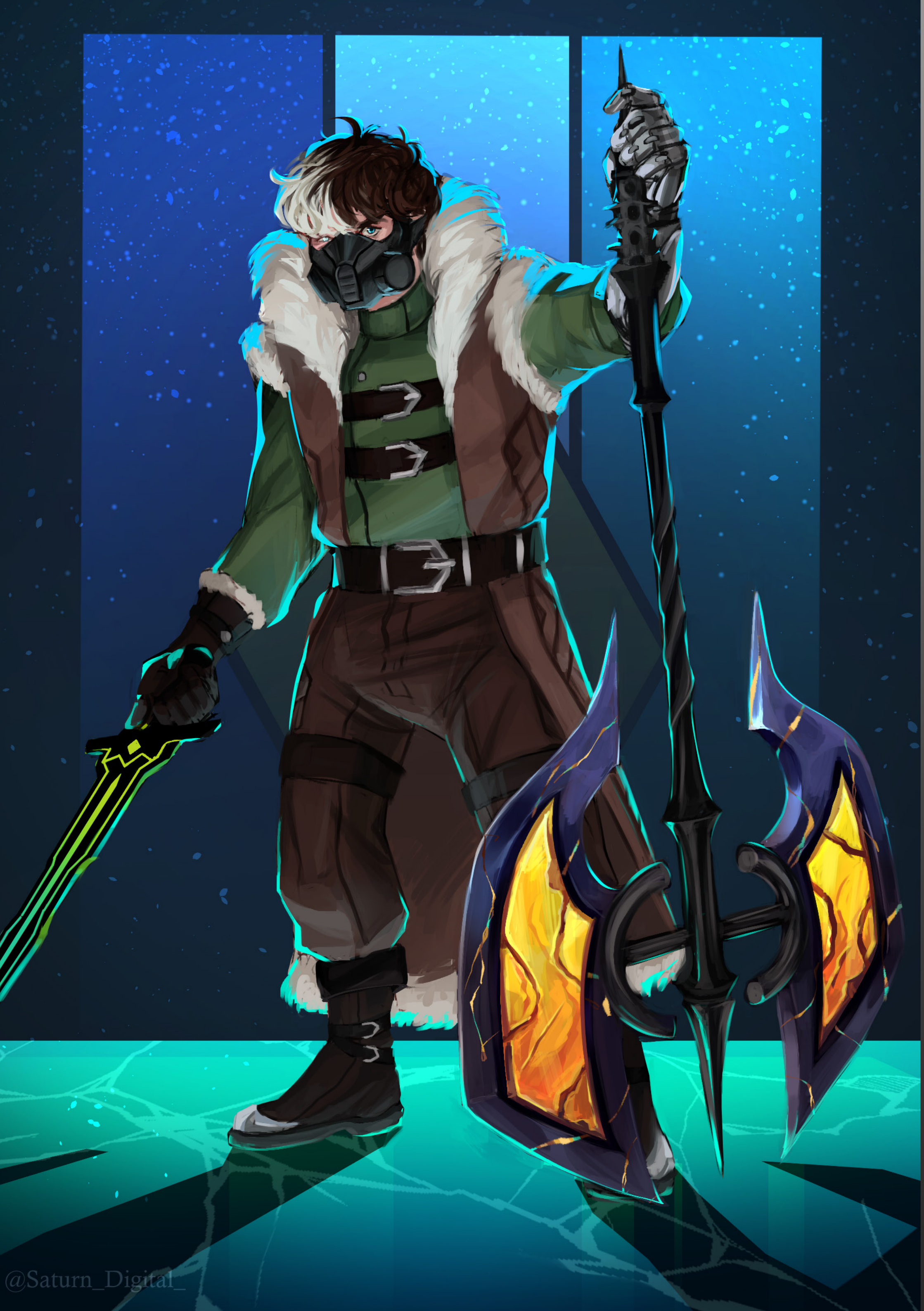
Before it was given such a name, and before any visitors or inhabitants ever came to turn it into territory and landscape, the land that wasn't yet called Snowchester breathed and watched.
Its reaches were always just enough to be aware of living things. Its population was quiet enough, the brooding spruce trees and the absence of monsters, for it to be able to hear. And hear it did; the day before the boy arrived, heartbroken and homeless, the snow-covered land heard the explosions. It heard the cries of battle and the silence of blood.
Snowchester, soon-to-be, welcomed the boy as best as it could. It did not know he would bring monsters with him, but they sprawled from the soil as soon as he swam too close. It did not know what he needed to settle and make a home, but it offered all that it had. It knew men had a tendency to compete and conquer, to decimate and destroy, but it trusted this boy in his smallness. In his vulnerability.
The boy looked out to sea and called the stretch of land perfect, lovely, beautiful.
For the first time, acquainted with the likes of humanity, the earth was more than immutability—it gained a name.
Snowchester. A place to call home.

Snowchester knows there are plenty of people it never got to meet. Plenty of trauma and ghosts in the lives of those that do come its way. It has heard of other worlds, of other lives, and it knows that much happens to its people far from where it can have any control. Far from where it can exert any protection. The boy is too far to protect when he ventures too close to the artificial desert, and he is too distant in too many ways when he rebuilds his past home, rekindles old bonds, and makes mistakes that Snowchester has no place in avoiding.
The boy is all Snowchester has to protect. Even if he wrecks the land's very core, even if he fulfills the prophecy of rot that men are fated to bring, his hands covered by gloves and laced in fission and fusion, Snowchester can't help but be trapped in bittersweet devotion to the one who claimed, who calmed, who cried.
The boy who was left alone. The boy who was cast aside. He came tumbling towards the earth, he came crumbling into the snow, and he created Snowchester with cracked, bloody hands.
The boy builds barriers and walls to keep himself safe, to protect the little that he has, as if nature isn't the strongest force of all. As if he can't be ambushed again, killed by a god and a cackling role model. As if he has learned from his mistakes.
The boy has nothing but the earth. These days, he walks in hallways drowning in absence and holds his son's hand as all turns to rubble around him. These days, he sits at an empty pier with not a soul to breathe, to laugh, to stand by his side, not the ghosts he befriends, not the monsters he rescues. These days, the boy is gone more often than he is present. Snowchester hears he pledges allegiance to different places, to soil colored different shades.
The earth always waits for the boy to come back.

When all of the land turns into one, when everything collapses into dust and darkness, Snowchester will carry within it the tales of humanity. Other nations are built of rust and ruin; L'Manberg could never find solace, Las Nevadas could never accept peace. Snowchester was built out of love and desperation. Snowchester was made for a family; Snowchester was foundationed on high hopes.
It was yearned for by a boy, a child soldier, stripped of all that he had as his own, abandoned by all that once stood by him. Used, battered. It was built by him, yes, but also by a god, an immortal, that carried gold skin and closet skeletons wherever he went. It was adopted by a vengeful man and a loving woman. It was protected, knowingly to the earth and unknowingly to its people, by a creature, tall and looming, that seemed to always hang around the corners and the rooftops, around his husband and his son.
When the sun crashes into all of its orbiting planets and the moon becomes nothing more than a whisper, Snowchester is the spirit that will remain. When there is no more atomic half-life to study, and when all that remains of gods and men is sent into the stars, the love will stay alive in the void, in electromagnetic waves and in emanating energy.
That is all talk of the future. That is all romanticisation. That is the soul of the land and the spirit of the earth, all-knowing, ubiquitous. In this moment, with this boy, the land watches. It excuses his bombs and his axes and it makes place for the emptiness that he leaves in his wake with his nightmares, his scars and his sturdiness. It is beyond divinity, beyond morality, beyond oblivion. It knows that all he does is out of love. His love may take the shape of nukes and bricks and fur-lined uniforms, yes. His love may be violent and shaky, but all he wants is for someone to accept this love of his, and maybe reciprocate. It knows this, too.
The earth loves him. The earth loves. Despite the unmelting snow, despite the salt that washes upon the shore and the transformation that men yield upon it, the earth sits back and beckons itself into his home.



@pyeoniii



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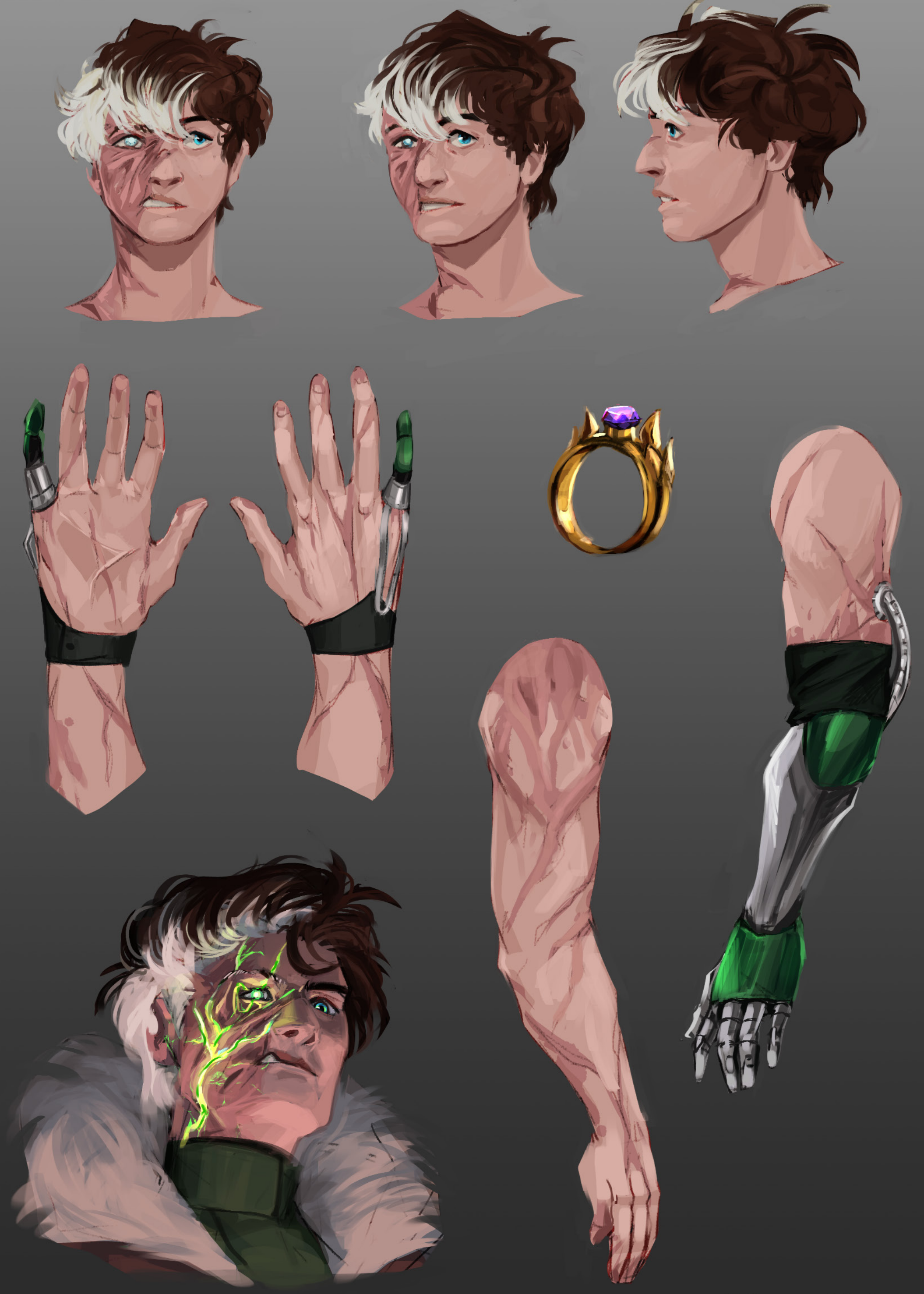
Tubbo - concept sheet



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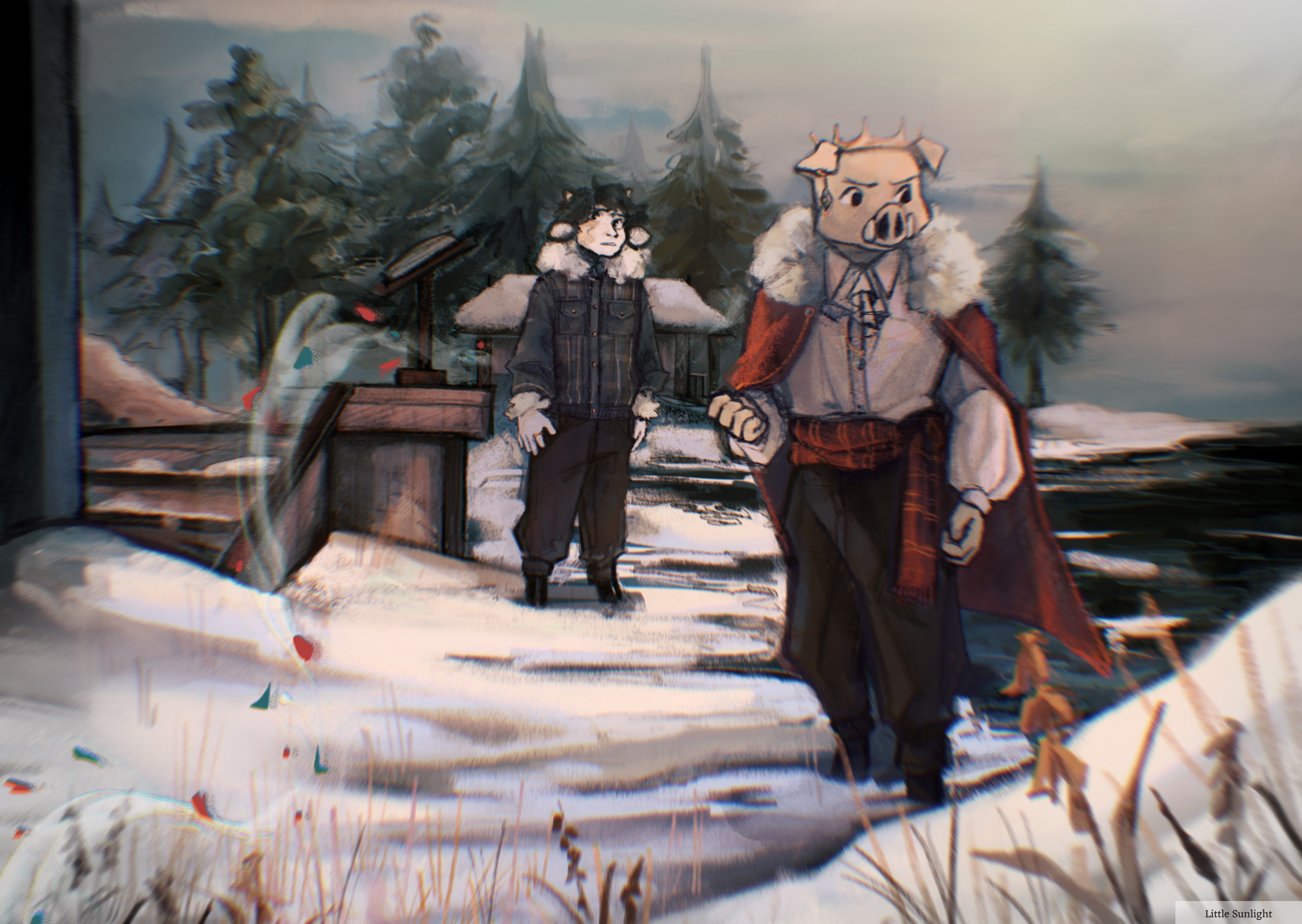

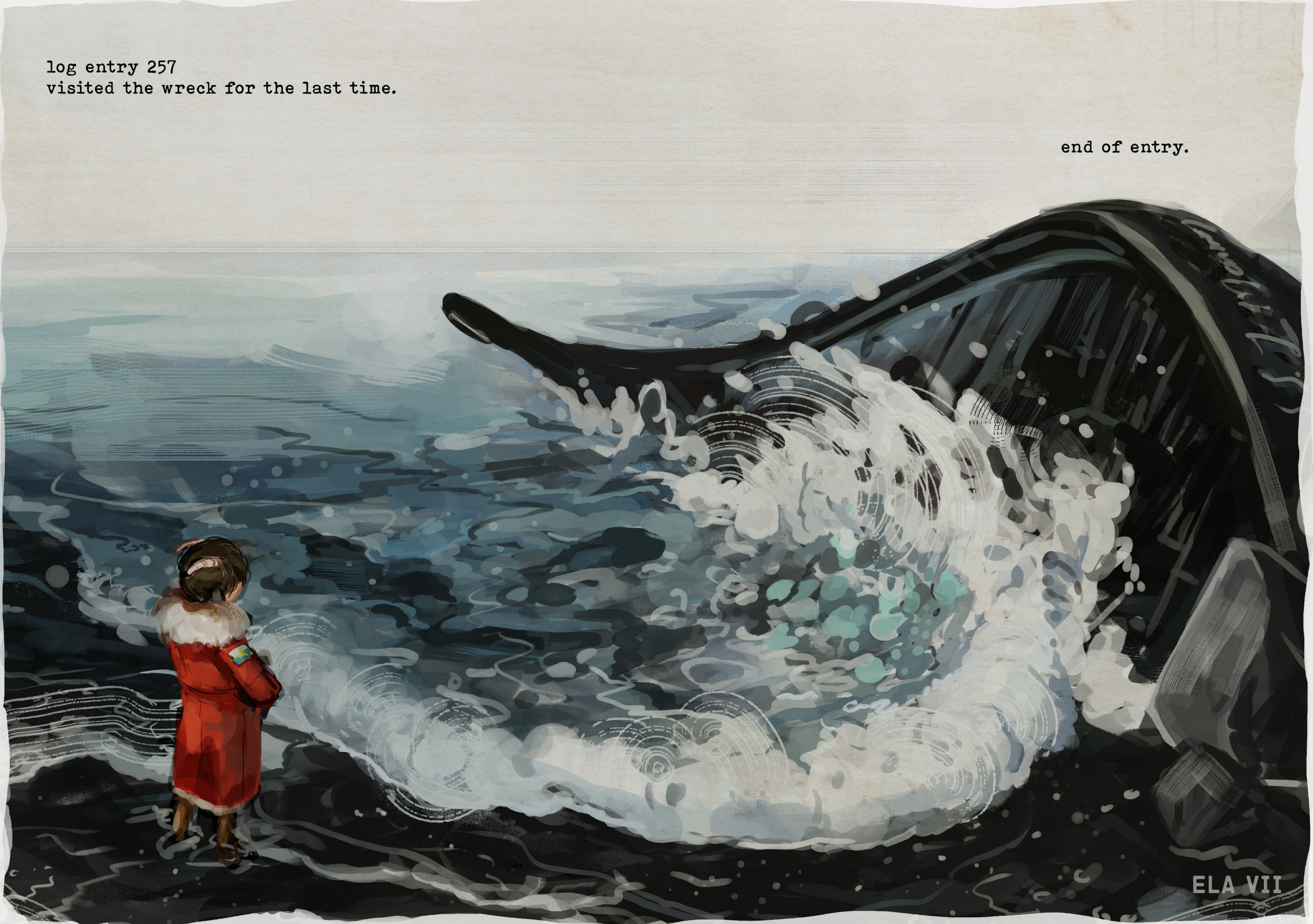

log entry 257
visited the wreck for the last time.

end of entry.

Day 174 Post L’Manburg Explosion — Story #4 Written by: Samantha

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i. The birth of Snowchester is a necessity.

It all starts with the death of L’manburg. Doomsday approaches. The president is nowhere to be found while the exiled vice president is frantically collecting supplies to rally the people around him. On the streets, no one seems to have the will to fight. Some people leave the city for better opportunities with King Eret and the greater SMP but many more stay. Those who stay remember the moment the clock for doomsday hits zero.

It starts as bombs flood the sky like a tsunami. Within minutes there’s nowhere left to hide for the people of New L’Manburg. A country born of promised freedom is shackled under its own rubble as explosions stretch on for hours. Blades try to cut through smoke only to be met with screams of withers and innocents; as the night stretches on there’s nowhere left to call home.

When dawn draws near, a small group of former citizens stands at the edge of the city on a hill. Their ruined home stretches out before them as their former President stands with them. Next to him is his best friend and they watch the city below as it burns. As they watch, the former Vice President places a hand on the ground and kneels. He bows his head and the group prays together in the name of prime. When their eyes open again the sun has finally risen and before them, the country they called home is ultimately no more.

ii. The life of Snowchester is a quiet promise.

When the survivors find their way to an Arctic Oceanside, a promise is made by their former President to make things different. The air is frigid and the earth is frozen over but the people of Snowchester don’t mind. Janet had chopped the tree branches as they trekked past low-hanging tree after low-hanging tree. Daniel had lifted each child with them one by one over bushes and logs and carried the smallest of their group through the tallest of snowbanks. When they finally settled at the oceanside it was like a sigh of relief had gone through the group. Together they had all picked the spot and together they would learn to make it hospitable. Just as they had built L’Manburg time and time again they would learn to build a new home once again.

As they grow, they do not pray to prime for help. There’s no one around who worships anymore. Instead, they learn to rely on each other’s help in place of promised prayers. Laura figures out how to get the wheat to grow from the frozen dirt. Andrew learns how to bake and soon a village has bread. Janet becomes the resident logger and learns to build homes from Jared. They of course have problems along the way but they learn to love each other and deal with every problem that comes their way. The first time their crops are whipped out by the nearby foxes trampling them, they learn to cope. The first time the food storage shed runs out they plan better for the following season.

It’s not easy but they learn.

When Tubbo, no older than eighteen marries his best friend and vows to him that they’ll never be lonely ever again. Their home supports them and promises the same. They celebrate the union and spend days welcoming this outsider into their hearts. They promise the two a wider family and it seems to make them all stronger. From that point on they vow to make themselves a town, a town they could be proud of. They’ll abandon their religions for science and make something that’ll never leave them feeling vulnerable again. They vow to never end up like L’Manburg and it’s the one vow they all intend to keep.

The problem with vows and promises is that they never really do last forever even if the heart tries to deem it so.

iii. The death of Snowchester is slow.

Just like the ice that creeps in each day along the beachfront, Snowchesters death is quiet. At first, it’s a few members of the community. Lennon leaves to visit his uncle, Sheri wants to see her grandchildren, and Marie wants to visit her brother. They leave for a few days and then a few weeks and then a letter comes saying they’ve moved far off to be under king Eret’s rule. The trend continues over time and soon enough there are more empty homes than people left to inhabit them.

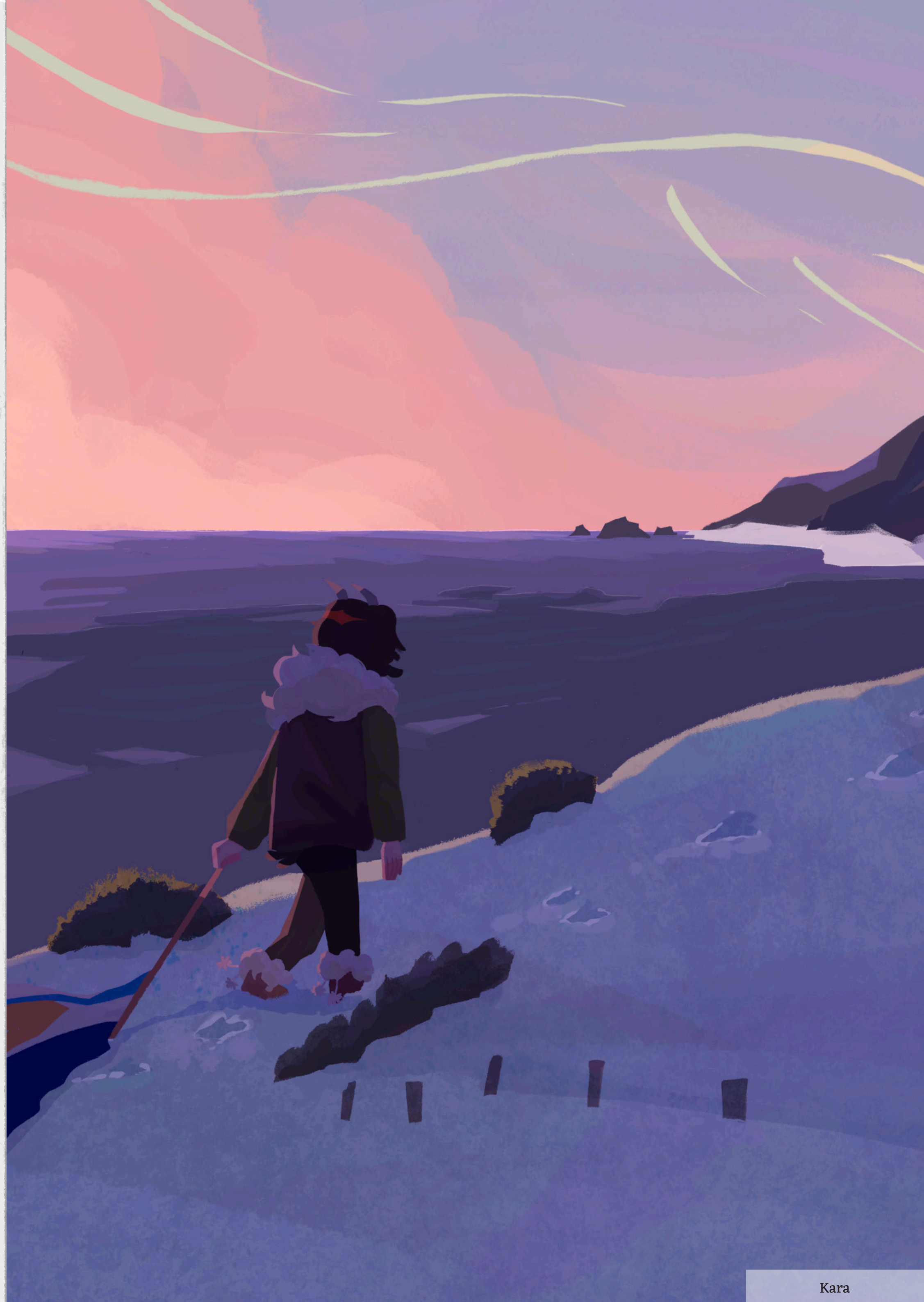
No one holds this against them. They left for things Snowchester just couldn’t provide anymore. Its constant cold winds and difficulty to get food was reason enough for people to leave. This is the rationale Tubbo holds close to his heart until one day there’s no one left to lean on; Tommy dies and comes back and seems like he just can’t muster the strength to live in this world anymore, scared by his own shadow at every turn. Michael is ripped from their home and stuck somewhere in the world he can’t seem to find. Ranboo dies, stabbed in the back, and desperate to save their child with complacency. And eventually, his community has once and for all abandoned him. Jack moved out months ago, Janet left weeks after with Daniel, a line of children in tow. Andrew had taken business to the SMP, Lauren had gone to help manage Tubbo’s own fields from his early days living on the server. Every single person he’s come to love and rely on in his little community is now gone. There’s no one left to rely on anymore but himself and that is utterly terrifying.

He tries to rationalize it more. He knows why they left. It was just easier! Why take all this time to fight with the environment when you could make it easier by living in lands already cultivated? Why participate in this lifestyle of pain and strife when you could live in a place you knew would never get attacked again? Why would you participate in a nation that was doomed to fail? Why? Why? Why? Why?

He spends days alone in the mansion wondering what he ever did wrong. Was he the problem all along? Did he drive everyone away? Did he do something to make them angry or sad or just plain tired of him? What went wrong? Was he too much like Schlatt? Like Wilbur? He can't tell anymore and the line of thought is lost on him as he sits alone in his bedroom. There's so much work he should do instead. He needs to do something new because waiting on the world to help him does no good. It never got Wilbur anywhere. Never got Tommy anywhere. Never got him anywhere.

So Tubbo pushes himself up to his feet and stands. He doesn't feel even on his feet yet but he will someday soon. His wold may have been pulled out from under his feet like a rug but he won't let that stop him. It's happened before and it'll happen again. He's going to do what he's always done. Buckle down and figure out a plan B. He'll start by looking for Michael. It's the best he can do and maybe, just maybe, along the way he'll get the old snowchester back.

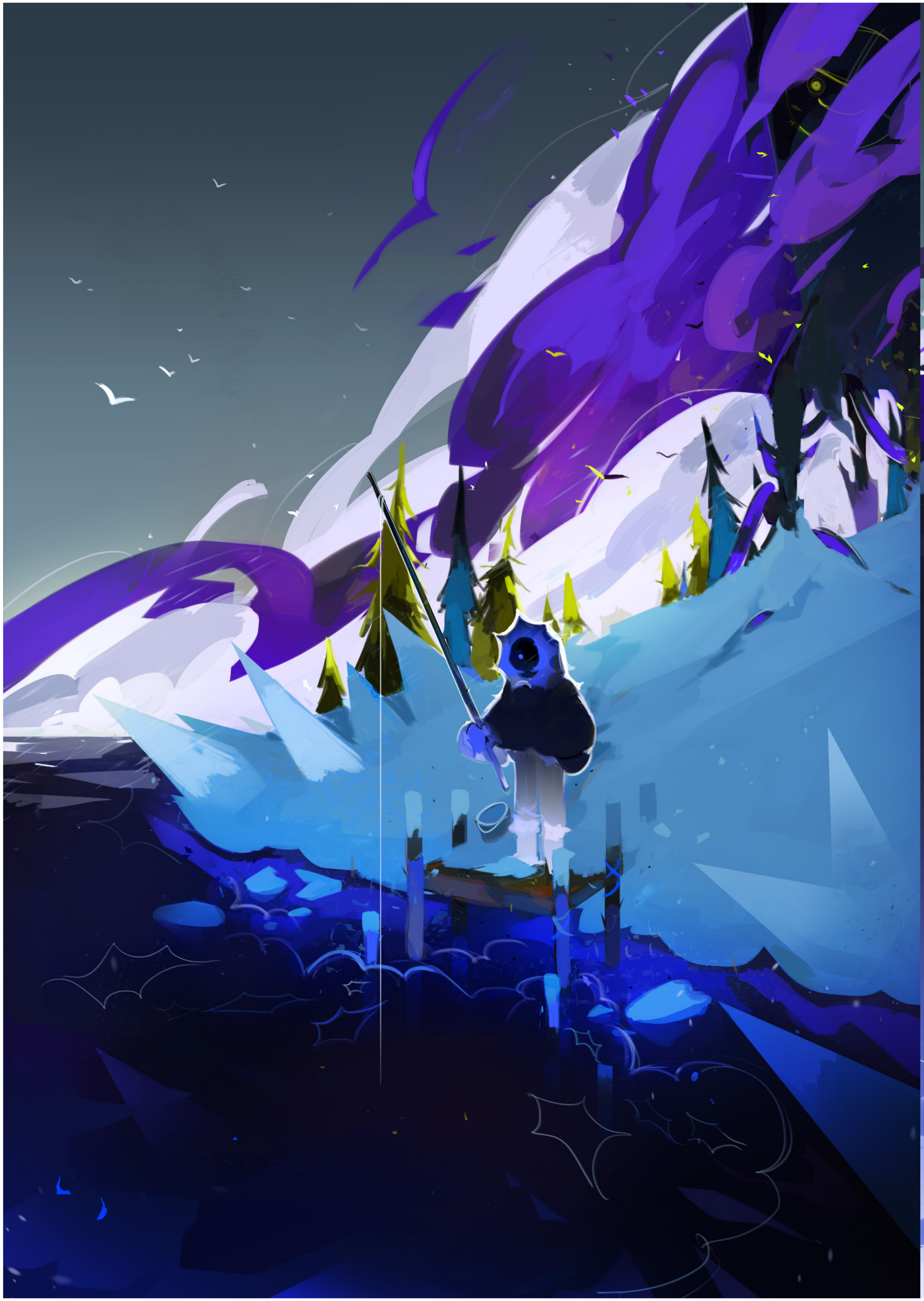
After all, it's the best he can do.

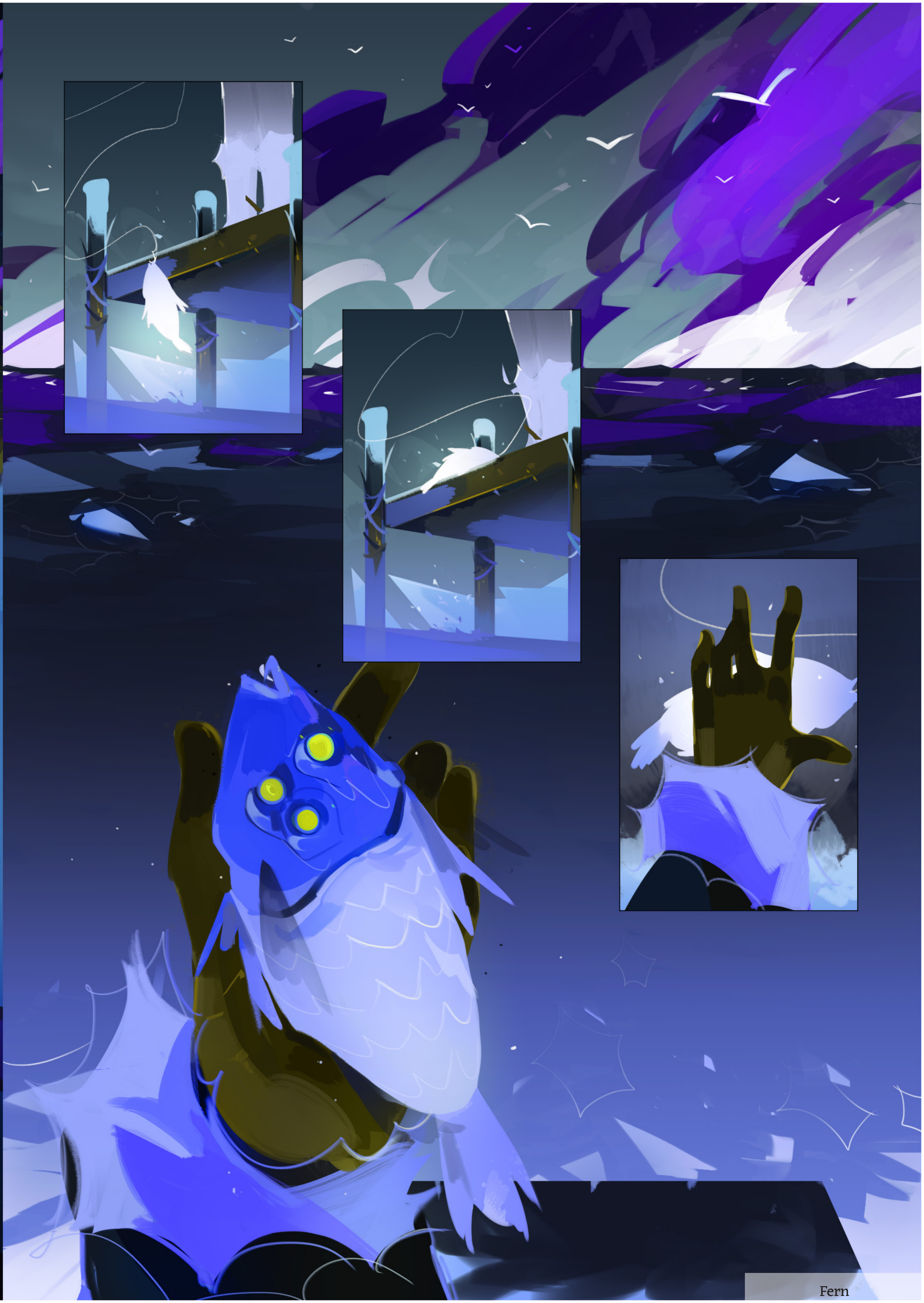


Kara

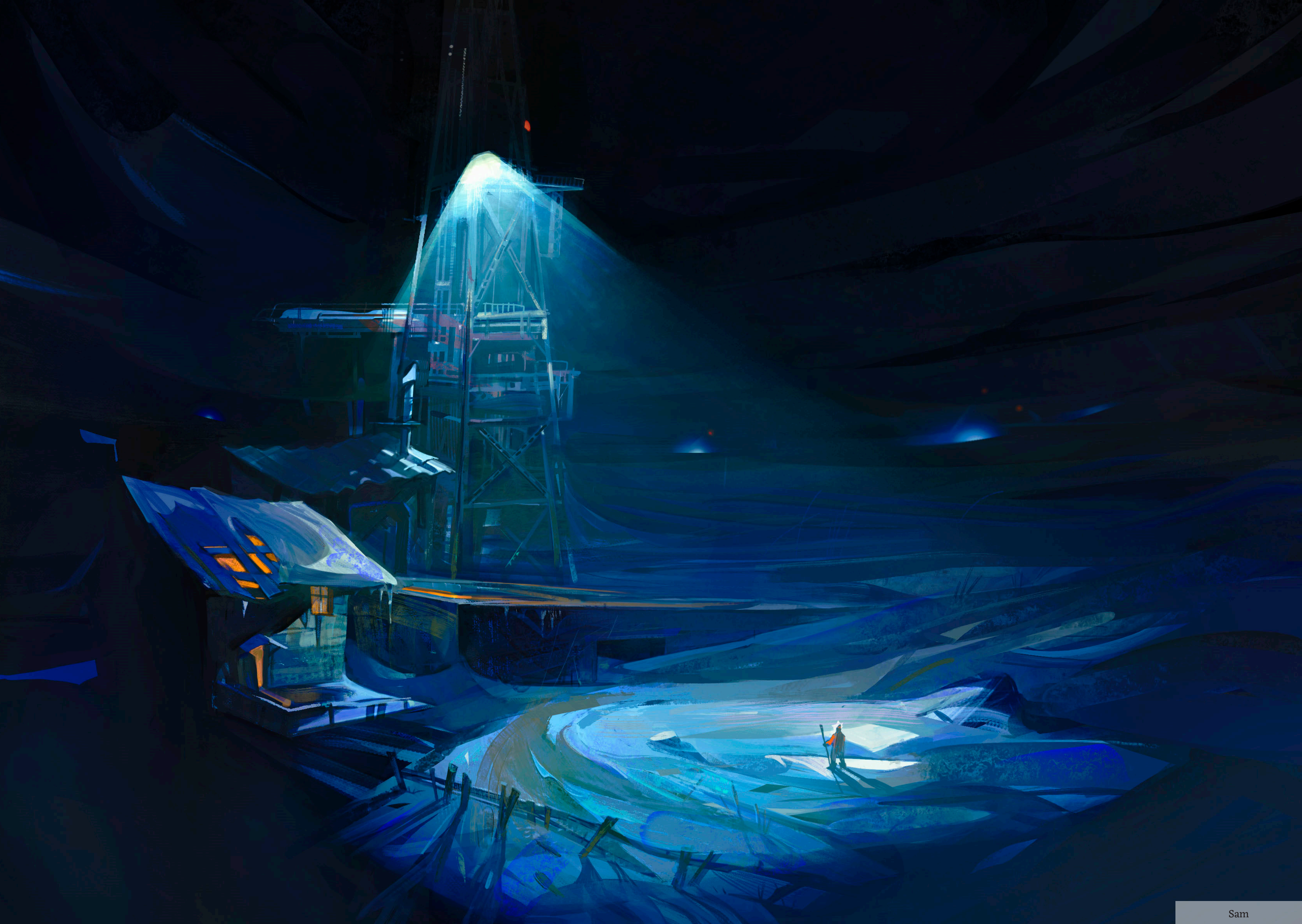
Dae

Just Blank

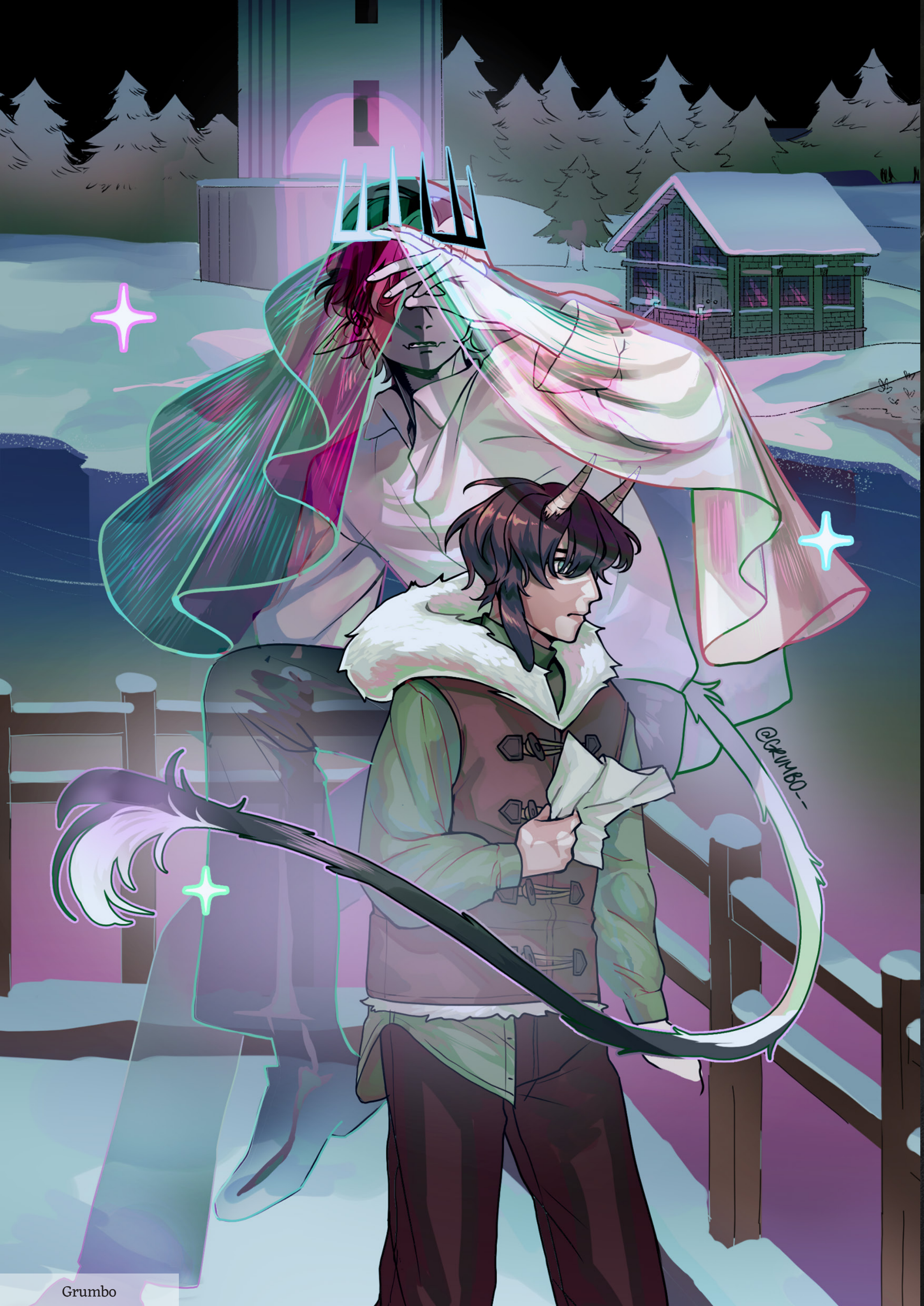




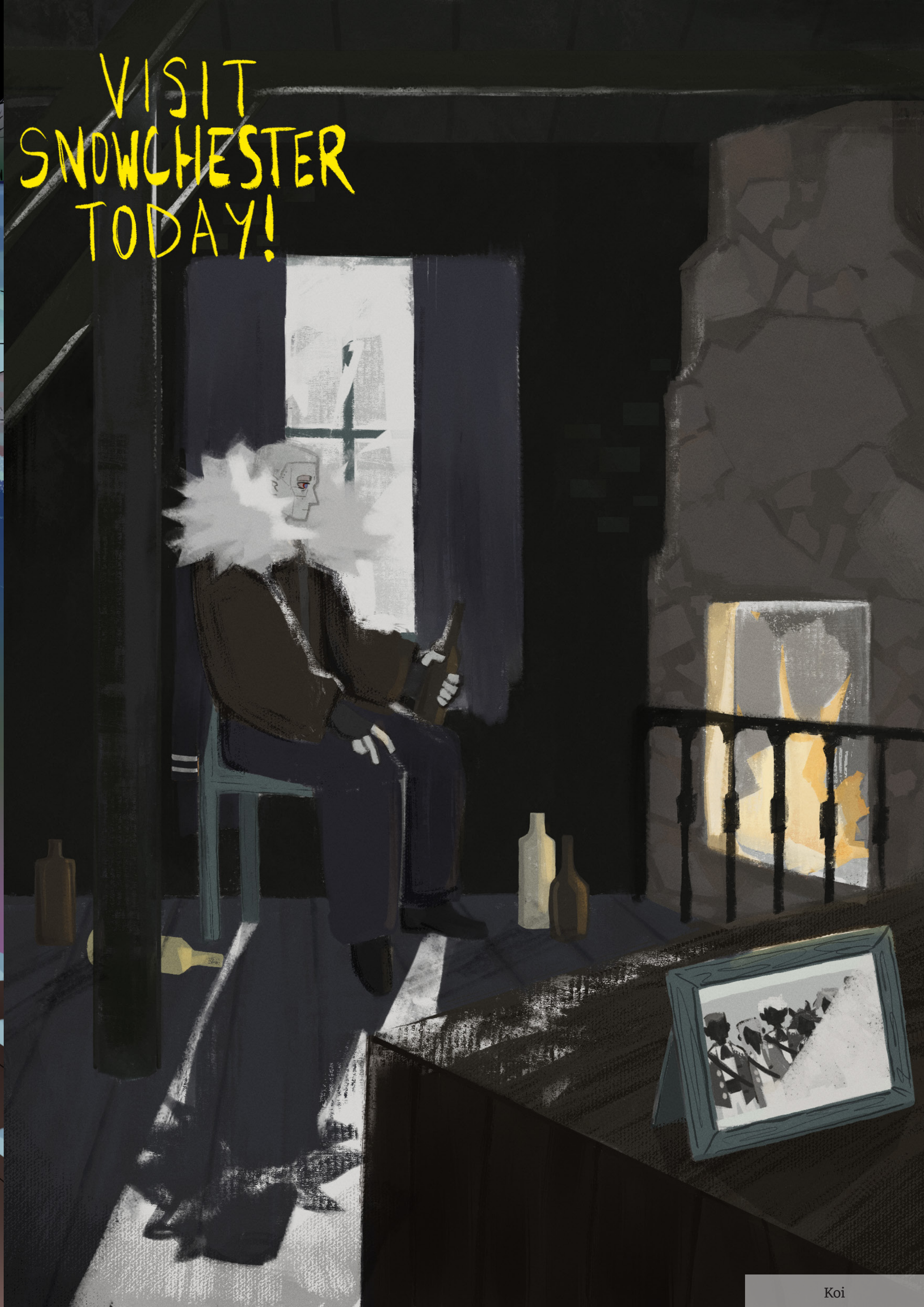
Fern



Sam



Grumbo


VISIT
SNOWCHESTER
TODAY!

Koi

Day 174 Post L'Manburg Explosion — Story #5

Written by: Plantskid

The empty, blank-white expanse stretches on for a half eternity before it dives head-first into the arctic sea with violent black stone cliffs and ice floats littering the deep, dark waters. The waves are claw-like and tipped with half-melted ice where they crash against the rubble at the foot of the cliffs, eating away at it with uncaring precision. It is a steep fall; it is a death trap. And yet it is the place Tubbo sits with Jack Manifold during lunch breaks watching the liminal midday horizon-line.

They sit and turn their backs towards the looming forest which marks the far border of the land, where the tundra turns luscious and coniferous spruce, and pine trees grow in the stead of shrubs and sedges.

The thick taiga rings the land with something like finality. It is tough to traverse and impossibly dark, even during those more merciful months of the arctic summer. The lush green trees are traitors, for there are wolves that hide amongst the rough-barked stems and sinkholes beneath the thawed earth, both merely waiting for an unsuspecting victim to fall prey to their respective hunger. And yet it is the place Tubbo takes his son to forage for mushrooms and wild berries.

The only viable way in and out of Snowchester is the high-speed tunnel dug through one of the snow-peaked mountains and stood on stilts like a grey heron in the deadly waters of the ocean; a necessity to keep a steady flow of food and other supplies as travel via land and water are both unreliable and irregular.

When the sea surrounding the Snowchester shore freezes too far out for ships to reach the harbour, and the snowfall is too thick and the wind too sharp-toothed for dog sleds and horses to cut through the forest, the tunnel provides a way to ensure life within the small city-state.

All this spells a solemn safety to Tubbo. He sees the way the water feeds on the stone-shore and knows no one may climb up that way in the dead of night. He hears the howling packs of wild dogs in the forests, and it assures that they'd alert him to any trespasser.

He's spent months training his mind to seek peace within these peaceless natures and now he does not fear the freezing temperatures and hailstorms and scarce lands anymore. Instead, he and Ranboo sit comfortably cosy by the side of a hearth and watch the snowflakes outside, drinking warm coffee and tea with equally warm smiles.

Tubbo is no Robert Scott and yet he has managed to make the subpolar region his home. And, by extension, the home of many other outcasts and refuge-seekers and isolationists. He's turned the most unwelcome spot of land, with permafrost ground and icicles the size of his arm into a small, comfortable community of log-cabins. There are hardwood shutters that keep out the storms and colourful flags that dot the white empty and lights strung between alleys and across the marketplace that fight off the ever-creeping winter darkness. It is harsh and unforgiving, but it is enough.

It is more than Tubbo thought he'd ever have again.

Of course, the safety is not just thanks to the walls he built or the natural borders or even the sheer distance to the mainland, but it is largely thanks to a singular build, grey-stone and smooth walls and metal warning signs and electrified fencing, authorised key card access only, trusted personnel and trained professionals.

The nuclear facility that provides electricity and warmth for every Snowchester resident is also what ensures their permanent safety.

The bomb tests were not a secret. Sirens shattered the cool, polar air like sugar-glass and the launch site was hawk-watched by almost every citizen, crowding the harbour, and watching the rocket climb into the sky above them. A terrifying sight, Tubbo is sure, but a reassuring one. This sends a message. This is an obsidian grid ten times over.

At night, he tucks in his son with the certainty that he is safe. A luxury he's never known before; not since before the first disc war. Even when it was just the van and nothing more, they hid from law enforcement and ignored the threats spray-painted on the outside of the vehicle.

And in L'Manburg, every night was just the prelude and a promise of another morning looking over shoulders and planning higher walls and more escape routes.

And after that, the lying to the president of Manberg, keeping his head low and sorrowfully watching as the country that he fought to keep afloat was pushed below the surface over and over and over again until finally, it drowned out of mercy.

But not without taking part of him with it.

Those are days of the past, memories of old. He's lived in fear, uncertainty and he's come out the other end a stronger man; one with the wit and means to keep those he cares for safe.

There is no threat of Snowchester getting blown up. The skies are too big and open, and the ground below their feet too frozen for anyone to bury underneath or drop explosives from above. The threat of nuclear warfare is too imposing for most sane people to even so much as consider aggression towards Snowchester. There is no one that could best it. No one would even dare try.

It is entirely and completely safe.

The only sound is the waves (and the phantom fireworks at midnight) and the storms (and the humming of heavy machinery) and the laughter coming from the people in the marketplace (and the Geiger-Müller counter beeping) and the softness with which Ranboo says Michael's name (and the patience with which Tubbo helps him remember it again and again when he forgets).

And in his trust and in his healing, Tubbo gladly signs a contract with Sam who asks for a dead-empty plot of land somewhere behind the mansion. It's far off enough that it does not count to Snowchester for most people, yet it is connected land and Sam has the manners to recognise Tubbo's claim over the taiga as a whole.

'I am building something' says he. 'Something that will make the server a better place. A safer place.' It is not so close that it would be seen from the town, Tubbo is assured. It will not destroy the scenic skyline of cliffs and spruce trees. It will just be an uninhabited piece of nothing, further off that way. Just past the blackstone prison. No one will even care. They won't make a connection to Tubbo or Snowchester unless they know about the intricacies of borders drawn on graph paper by flickering candlelight.

And, Sam stresses, it's for the greater good of the server, after all. And with the money Tubbo might stand to gain from the transaction he could finally build a school for the few children living in Snowchester. Or he could fill in the cracks in the winter-worn roads. Who is Tubbo if not concerned for everyone's safety and well-being?

Maybe, he'd been too easy to sway by his own need for a haven that he convinced himself he could make it with his own two hands. That he needed nothing and no one to help. Sam could help. Tubbo could accept that as a fact if he so chose. The sun sets on a win-win situation.

Peace is bargained for with the blood of the innocent. Tubbo has come to that realisation when he first watched that duelling arrow embed itself in his best friend's head. Something changed, fundamentally, within him that moment, something shifted irreparably. Blown to smithereens.

And that is why, when the explosions begin, muffled by distance and darkness, Tubbo wakes up not in a cold sweat, not in a white-hot panic but with a calculated concentration; something crystal clear and entirely zoomed out and in focus. Something neither Amundsen nor Scott could achieve; ever-blinded by small-time goals.

Tubbo understands.

He climbs out of his bed, dresses himself in layers of clothing and armour, the weight familiar and anchoring. He can hear some shouts outside his house, confused people who have not yet realised they are in no danger. There are no sirens for a reason, after all. There is no evacuation message. Tubbo does not even check on Michael. He is safe. They are all safe. This is for the greater good.

Outside he is approached by Jack and orders him to send them all back to their beds. He reminds him that this is merely construction work, that it was announced a day ago. And that everything is under control.

The man hesitates; behind blue-red glass is a look of something quite akin to sympathy but Tubbo simply pushes past and towards the mansion's gardens.

There is something indescribably empty about the Arctic winter night. The darkness in these months is absolute. If one is lucky, stars and such will just about grace the constant snow and dimly turn ground to dampened ivory-blue.

But on a new moon like this, it feels so pressing, so all-encompassing that the only point of reference that Tubbo can compare it to is the moment between death and respawn. That flat-line space had the same unfathomable and inherently wrong dimensions to it as the inky blackness he is trekking through to get to where the bombs are raining down.

Tubbo walks alongside the water, ice reaching into the sea with skeletal fingers. If he concentrates enough, he can make out the misty, orange glow where the prison sits within the ocean deep, heated by the lava that flows lazily down its many guard towers. Deterrent and practicality in one. It is as much unsettling as it is clever. Tubbo can recognise the geniality of Awesamdude Constructions.

It takes a little over an hour for Tubbo to arrive at the dedicated land, but he can see it way before, even with the close-growing forest thicket that surrounds him. The darkness is broken up by rhythmic explosions that burn the night away and into Tubbo's retinas. It sounds like a hundred explosions all at once; echoing off of the snow-dusted trees and surely condemning wolves and smaller animals to their dens for shelter. A memory of past explosions flashes to life before him as the trees part way with finality.

(When he asked Sam what he called this new project, the other had chuckled, as if Tubbo was missing out on a joke.
"The World Eater," Sam had said. "I'm building the World Eater.")

Day 174 Post L’Manburg Explosion — Story #5

Written by: Plantskid

At the edge of the forest, looking up at a construct of awesome dimensions, Tubbo stands.

The stone grid in the sky is reminiscent of obsidian, not for its colour but its association. Explosives rain down into the ground which has already been thoroughly churned up in the past hour or so since its beginning; wood-splinters and glass all that is left of a beach and taiga. The ocean is beginning to climb inside of the man-made valley, reclaiming the land with that tell-tale unurgency that ancient things have.

The scene before him is so familiar. Tubbo knows the heat on his skin by name, and he knows the smell of burnt ozone and gun powder because it has not washed out of his hair in months. He can feel the vibrations in the ground while his eardrums have trouble transmitting the cacophony directly. His eyes squint in the night-set-ablaze, scar-tissue straining where similar violence left its marks on his face.

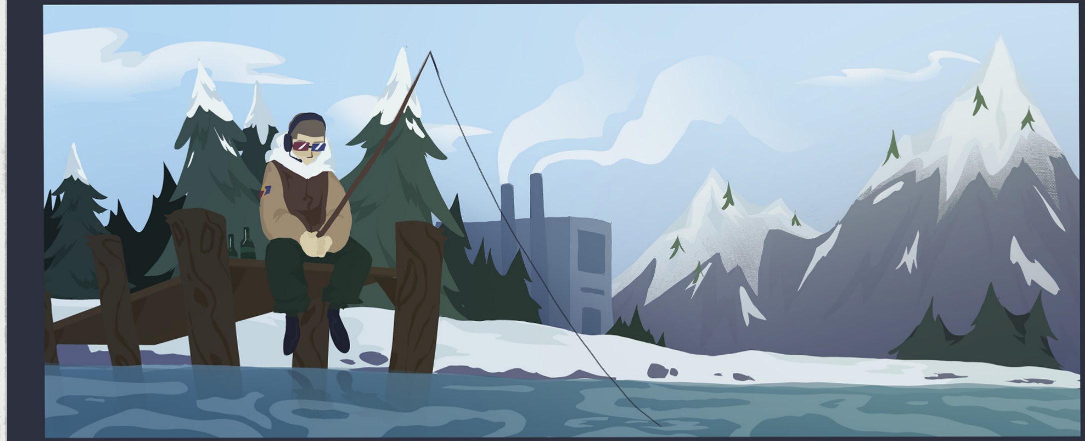
Tubbo is no stranger to explosions.

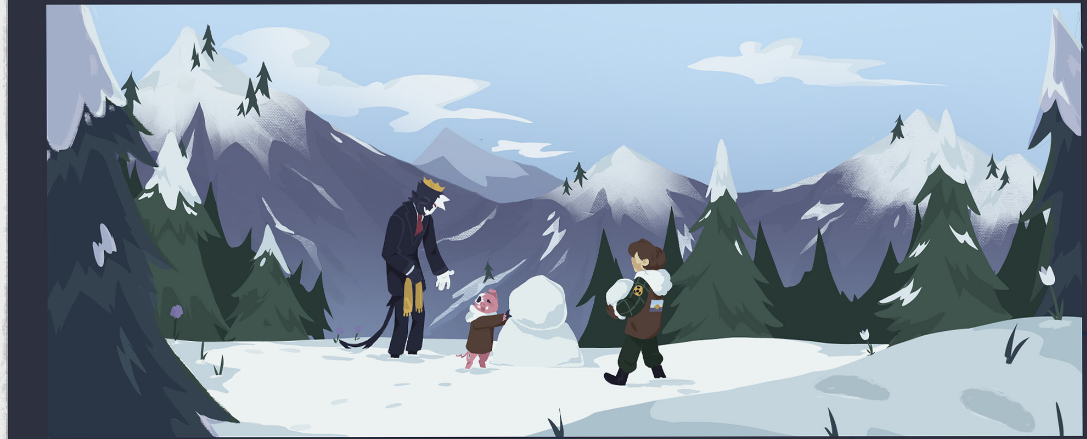
And yet this might be the first time he’s watched them with a smile. The first time the banging of his heart is not just anxiety, nor panic. It is anticipation and it is pride. Something euphoric (manic) and untamable as he watches the very world being eaten before him. Tubbo hears himself laugh. He is part of the joke now.

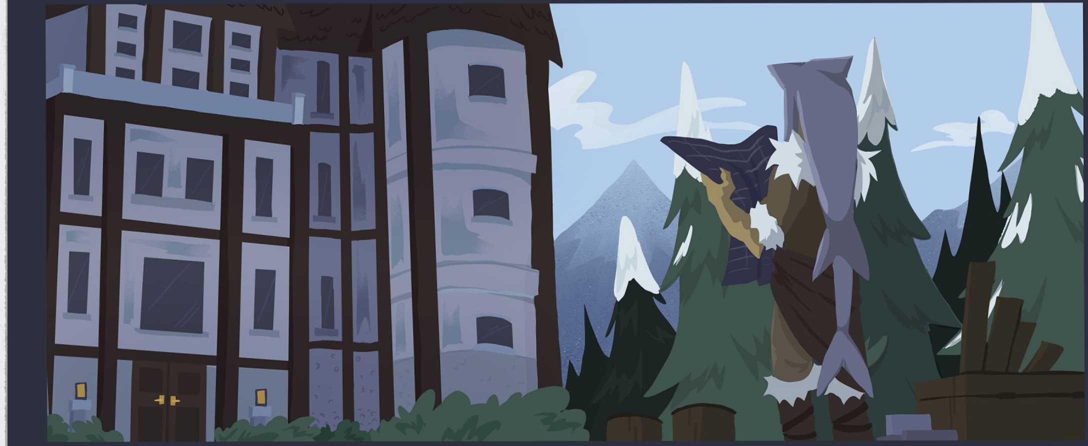
This will be worth the nightmares to come. This will be worth the sleepless days and restless hours. This will be worth the resurfacing pain in his skull and it will be worth the buzzing of doubt. Because there is reason to this. Tubbo understands this. If Sam can keep his word (and Tubbo knows what the man was capable of) then this would all be worth it in the end.

For Snowchester’s sake. For the entire server’s sake.

Tubbo could endure this in the name of safety. He’s survived worse for far less before.







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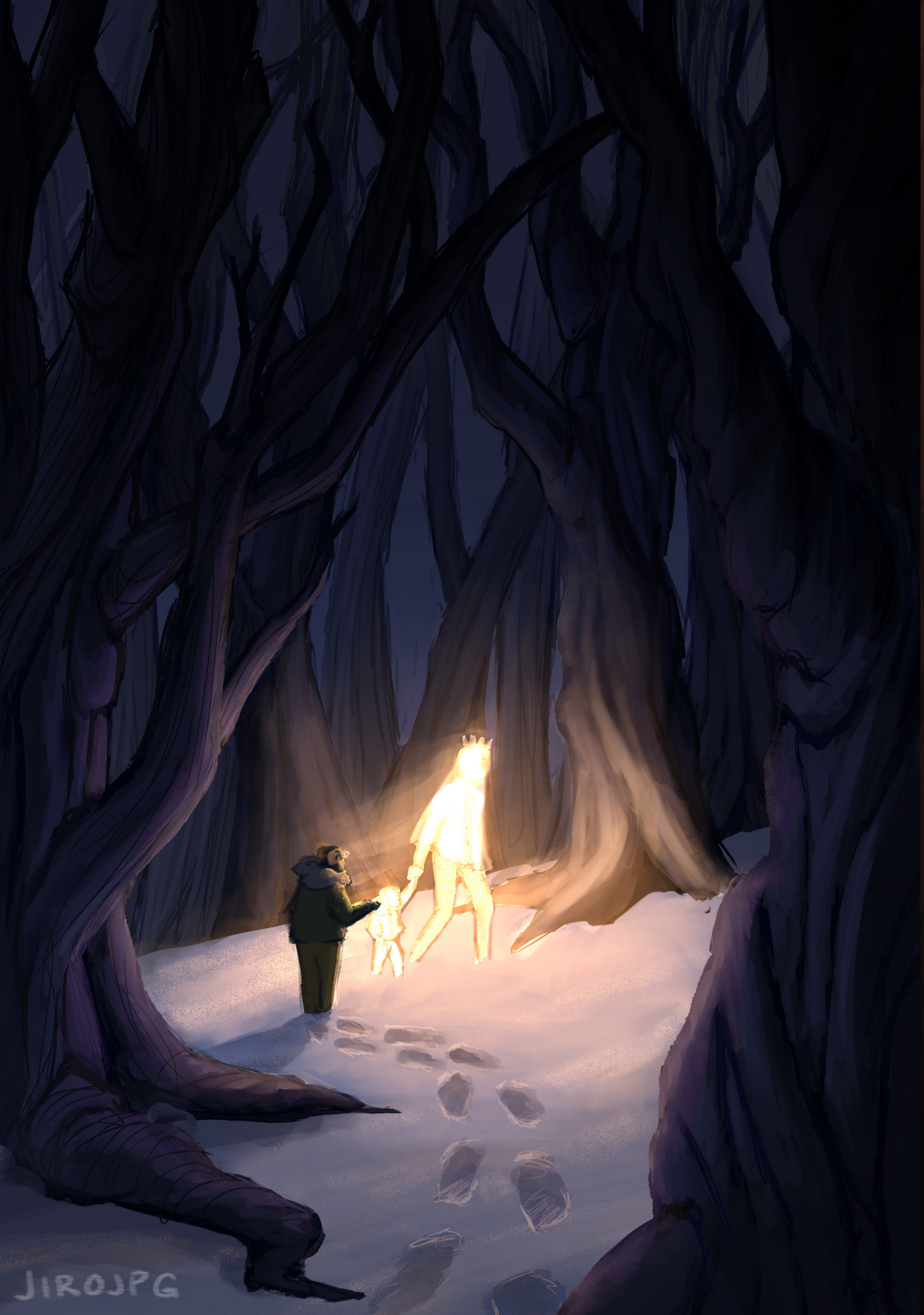
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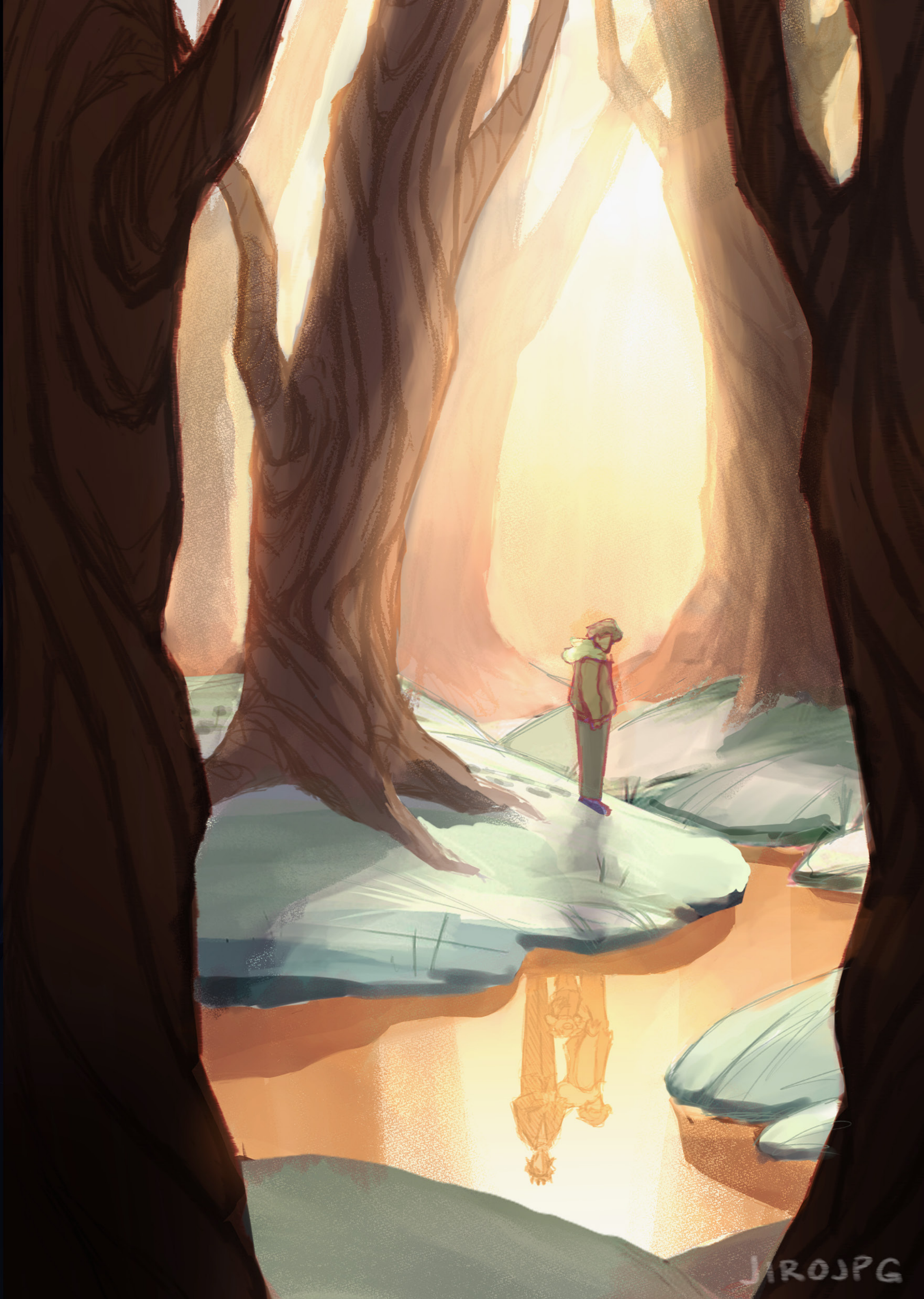
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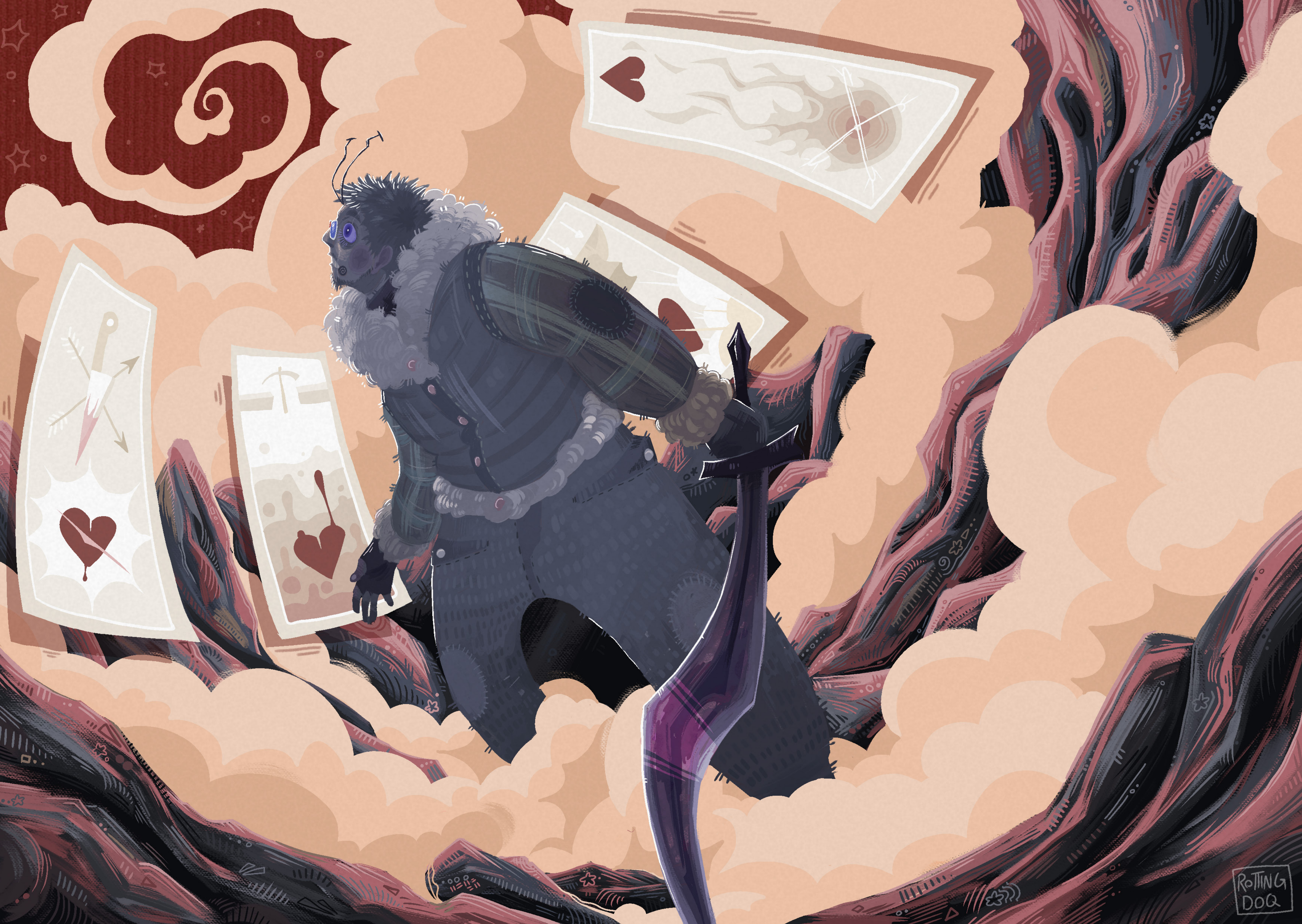
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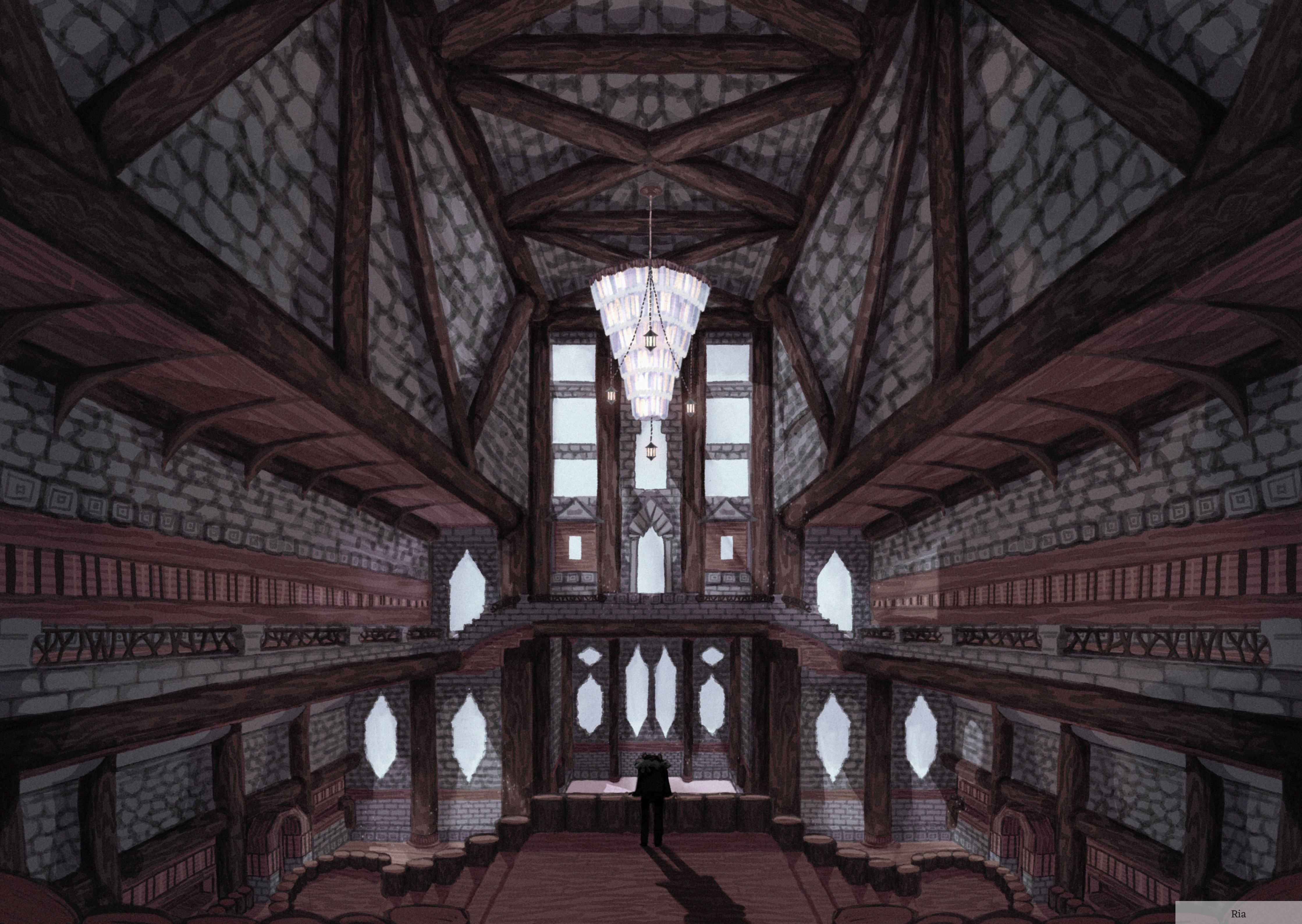

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ARCADEFLOOR

Field trip with the Syndicate aside, Niki does her best to avoid Snowchester. She already has one snowy commune that she visits regularly, no need to lodge another under her belt. Especially not one jammed impressively full of bad memories and conflicting emotions welling in her chest for a place that she's only visited a handful of times.

Slowly building out her city keeps her plenty busy anyway, and meetups with the Syndicate fill the rest of her time. It's not like she has the time to go over to the opposite end of the server just to– what? Stare at the prison? Stand over the crater that used to be L'manberg? Pine after people who don't want to talk to her? She's glad for the distance.

Still, though. Still.

She thinks about it.

With the way Ranboo goes back and forth between both communes, it's impossible for her to avoid thinking of it every now and then. And it's hard to fault him for the bright smile on that dual toned face, the one she knows is more accustomed to the downward pull of frowns and worry. Niki knows it makes him happy, that the little family he's scraped together there fills him with a rare contentment and is one of the driving forces behind him joining the Syndicate initially. For all he's gone through, the same of the rest of them, he deserves to find that peace.

It just makes the splintered remains of the same thing in her life more obvious, and Snowchester makes for a convenient symbol to center her resentment on.

She used to have that, minor differences aside – a family gathered close around her, a country she would have given her life for. (Militaristic isolationist commune, Tubbo's voice echoes in the back of her mind, stumbling over the words slightly and making him sound painfully young.)

Now she's doing her best to grow flowers in tundras, trying to coax life from frozen soil and warding off frost from wilting gardens. This used to be easier, she knows. Letting her relationships blossom like tulips in freshly watered soil, crouched down side by side with someone to check for spots on the leaves.

But that was in warmer climates, times when she was more certain of whose side she stood by. Or when she wasn't pulled in so many directions to side with, maybe.

She misses Puffy. And isn't that just stupid? Sure, go on and miss someone who left her behind without even a simple goodbye. But she can't help it, not when Puffy was supposed to be one of her precious few constants, not when a promise ring still sits at the bottom of her enderchest glinting in the little light that reaches it.

In her memory Puffy still smells like flowers, feels like sunlight warming her back and a hand carefully brushing a stray hair out of her face. It's at odds with the glimpses she's seen since Puffy moved to Snowchester, bundled up in the same thick fur coat as everyone else and breath misting frozen in front of her.

Somewhere along the line, Niki had convinced herself that all it would take to make Puffy see her side is an explanation. One of those impassioned ones that bubbles up from somewhere deep within her until she's tripping over her words and going in circles. Messy, but effective, especially with someone like Puffy. Those have been getting more common with her the more she's allowed to use her voice, finding herself halfway through rants and speeches in the Syndicate room while Techno looks on vaguely bemused. But she was wrong, wasn't she?

Puffy was always going to fall on Tommy's side, because for some reason everyone does, no matter how many things going wrong he's responsible for. And her heart was always so soft, gathering every stray soul to her side and giving them someone to lean on. Niki was too busy rebuilding herself into something too sharp to hold, while Puffy made herself a soft place to land. It's a fundamental difference they can't seem to reconcile with each other. All of Niki's explanations get caught in her throat.

So the rift sitting between them just keeps getting wider, a crack in the ground turned into a full on fault line. It's easy to conceptualize it like the testing site crater, the two of them standing on either side with Tommy's body sprawled out somewhere in the middle.

But neither of them are the one holding the detonator, are they?

Tubbo stews in his anger as much as she does, she thinks. He's just quieter about it, bottling it up until one day he's going to find someone worthy of using those nukes on. He's changed from what she remembers even of President Underscore, these days all paranoid self defense and pre-prepared revenge disguised with a bright tone and an interest in science.

(But Puffy is fine with that, isn't she? Violence is okay when Tubbo does it.)

It's hard to blame him though, in her quieter moments. Isn't she always ready for Wilbur to come strolling up to her with fever-bright eyes and a smile she no longer trusts? There are certainly days she finds herself almost itching for him to show his face just so she can show him exactly what training she's received from Techno. She figures Tubbo has something similar lodged in his chest, a ghost of L'manberg shadowing them both. The two of them aren't as different as a first glance might show, not really.

Tubbo sheds the mantle of President when L'manberg is nothing but a hole in the ground and doesn't try to build it back up. Niki burns down the L'mantree to make sure there is nothing worth rebuilding for. Tubbo looks at what little remains of the people he loves and becomes an immovable defense in front of them. Niki joins the people she thought only ever meant her harm and learns what it means to feel safe. Tubbo shores up walls around his commune and digs headfirst into his experiments until he's created a weapon of mass destruction. Niki carves out stone and dirt until she has a city, allies herself with the ideals of anarchy and trains until her entire body shakes.

But it's not like Niki has nukes to back her up either. That's never been her strong suit, having hoards of resources to fall back on like Techno, or the sheer force of charisma or persistence like Wilbur or Tommy. She's working with what she can get her hands on, desperate grabs at safety measures that aren't always as helpful as she hopes. If that means using other people's things to her advantage, well. What Tubbo doesn't know won't hurt him, not this time.

The crater from the test site haunts her sometimes, the sheer size of it. The damage he could wreak sits in the back of her mind, capable of far more than a handful of withers could and with a single devastating blow.

He cuts an entirely more sinister figure these days, all grown up from the kid tagging along after Tommy, even when she knows there must still be a kid hiding under the burn scars and harsh scent of ozone. They're all sharper now, those young soldiers of L'manberg.

That goes for the obvious ones of course, kids exiled or tossed into unwanted positions of power or quietly grieving fathers. They make for more easily sympathetic figures, or at least symbolic ones. But they weren't the only ones who made L'manberg their home in those early days and staked their lives on it, even if they're the ones everyone else always fusses over. Some of the ones fueling their rebellion were quietly keeping an eye on the landscape or spending hours up to their elbows in dough to make sure everyone stayed fed.

She and Jack were barely grown either, she wants to point out whenever it's brought up. They were just teenagers struggling under the weight of war too. Who watched out for them in the aftermath? The answer, she thinks a little bitterly, is each other. And look where that's left them.

The lingering trace of chemical reactions is fainter on him, but it's still there. Snowchester's illustrious Minister of Science, the only other person Tubbo trusted with a key card to his missile silo. As reluctant as he was to join, as much as he used his position to work toward Tommy's demise, Snowchester still left its mark on him. It always seems to, from what Niki can tell.

She thinks of Jack's face after the failed assassination, the poorly disguised fury and disappointment smoothed over into a veneer of professionalism for Tubbo. His voice was pulled taut with bitterness as he whispered curses under his breath later, barely audible. That was her fault, after a fashion. She was the one who failed to get Tommy there in time, who couldn't keep a teenager in line long enough to tempt him into the spot they needed.

(These days, she can't bring herself to regret it anymore. Not when Ranboo walks timid circles around the subject of Tommy in and out of meetings, yet still lights up every time he's mentioned.)

Because Jack has been like that for a while, hasn't he? It's something she hadn't quite noticed, not until they talked later after Tommy. But there's been something haunting the lines of his face for a while now, pinching all his features and turning his voice harsh until she barely recognizes her best friend.

She and Jack aren't as similar as they used to be. Sure, they've both sharpened since their L'manberg days. But where Niki has made herself the cutting edge of a blade wielded with deadly skill, Jack has become the lethally sharp rocks at the bottom of a long fall. Both dangerous in their turns, but with wildly different degrees of control over it.

In the end, she's not sure if she minds being so different anymore.

Niki doesn't want the past to dictate what she does anymore. Grudges are all well and good, but she's tired of letting them control her. Is it so bad she wants to leave Tommy alone these days? In Jack's eyes, she thinks it is. Like leaving that grudge in the past is leaving him behind as well. If he does think that, well– If he's tied himself so firmly to the past, she doesn't want him tethering her there with him. Not even when she loves him as much as she does.

That goes for all of them, really. She can't let her love for anyone anchor her in a place she doesn't want to be in anymore, not when she's worked so hard to allow herself the choice of movement. No amount of love or snowfall is going to keep her frozen in place.

All the people she loves are scattered between their safe havens in the snow, greenhouses wrought in glass and steel and filled with a riot of color. Niki herself is struggling snowblind through a blizzard and never sure where her next steps will take her. Unintentionally closer to Snowchester, where all her most complicated relationships have come to settle? Like an unspoken pact between them that she didn't have a say in. Or back to the Syndicate? Away from quiet domesticity and back into war. It would almost be funny, if it didn't set something bitter and sad alight in her chest. The smoke of it smells like burnt leaves.

It all feels a bit too little, too late, doesn't it? Tubbo will never take charge of a community without the ashes of L'manberg clinging to his hands. Jack will always have that sharp, haunted look to his face. Puffy will always be on the other side of that crater. Niki's family will never stand united and whole and uncomplicated again.

She's going to have to pick a garden to tend to if she wants either one to flourish. Snowchester has always been filled to the brim with bad memories, full of nightshade and foxglove, and Niki has been learning to put herself first. The revelation tastes bitter in her mouth. The call of the Syndicate with its gentle ferns and berry bushes tugs at her chest.

In the end, there isn't much difference between gardening soil and gravedirt.

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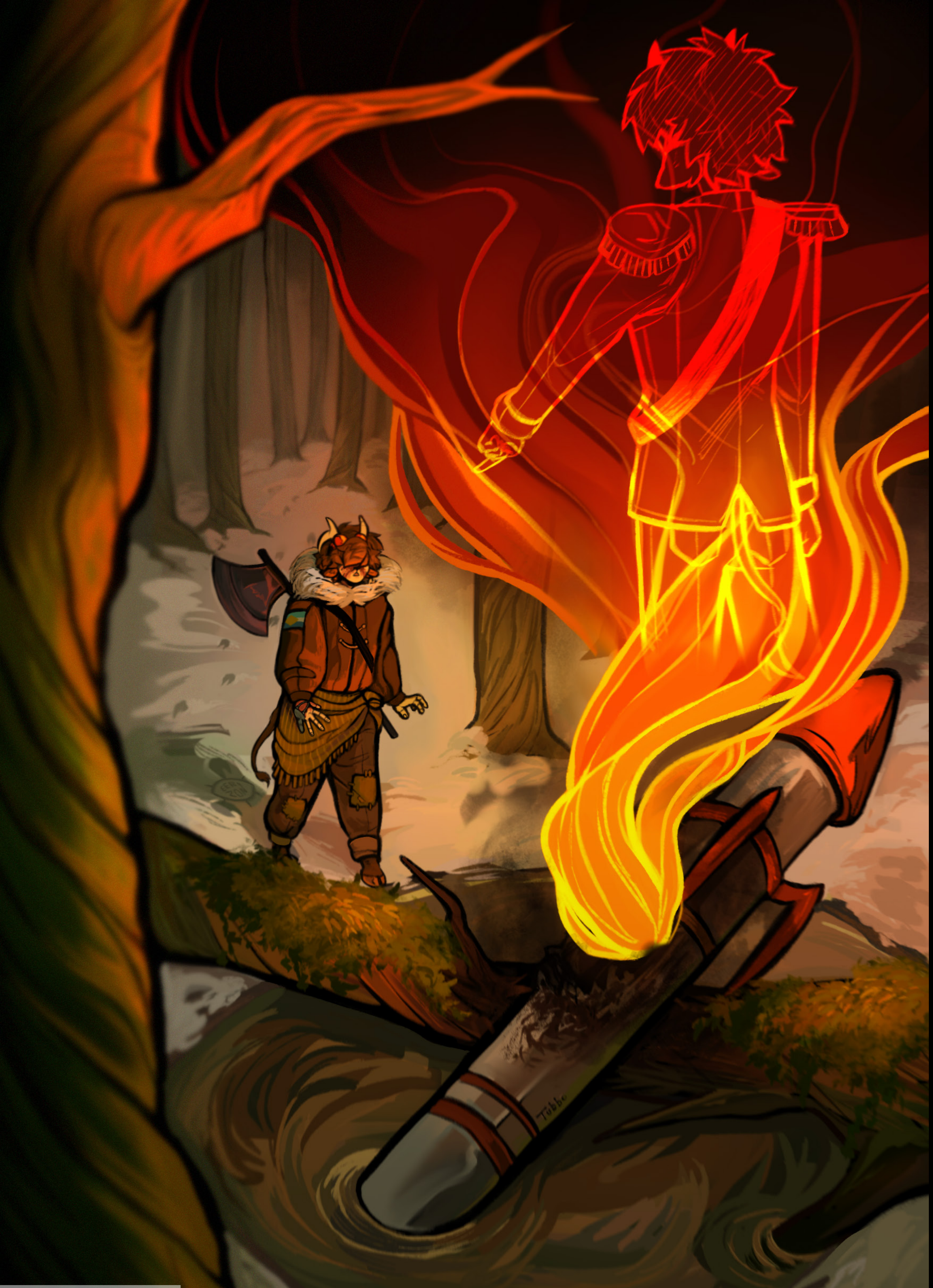

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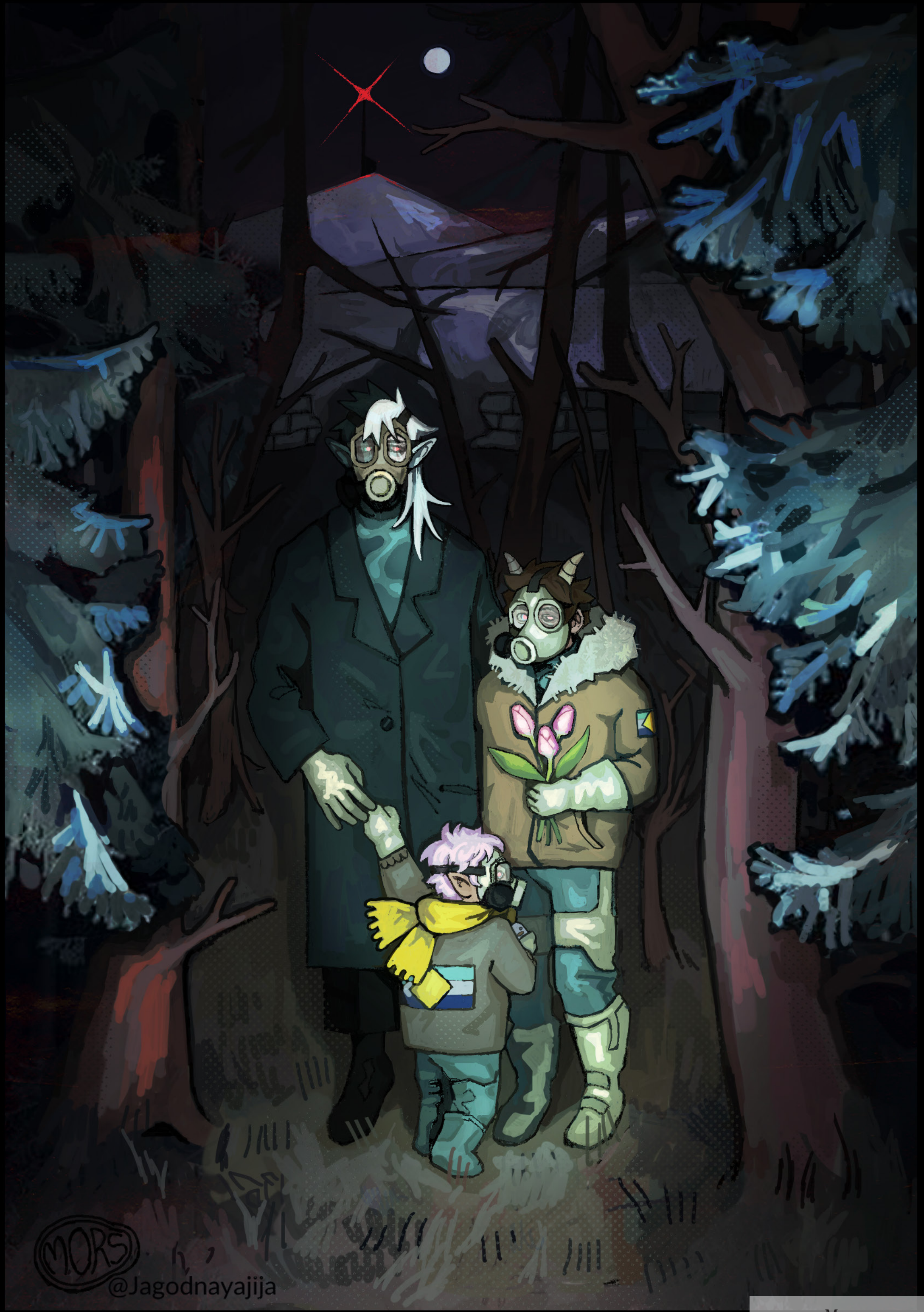
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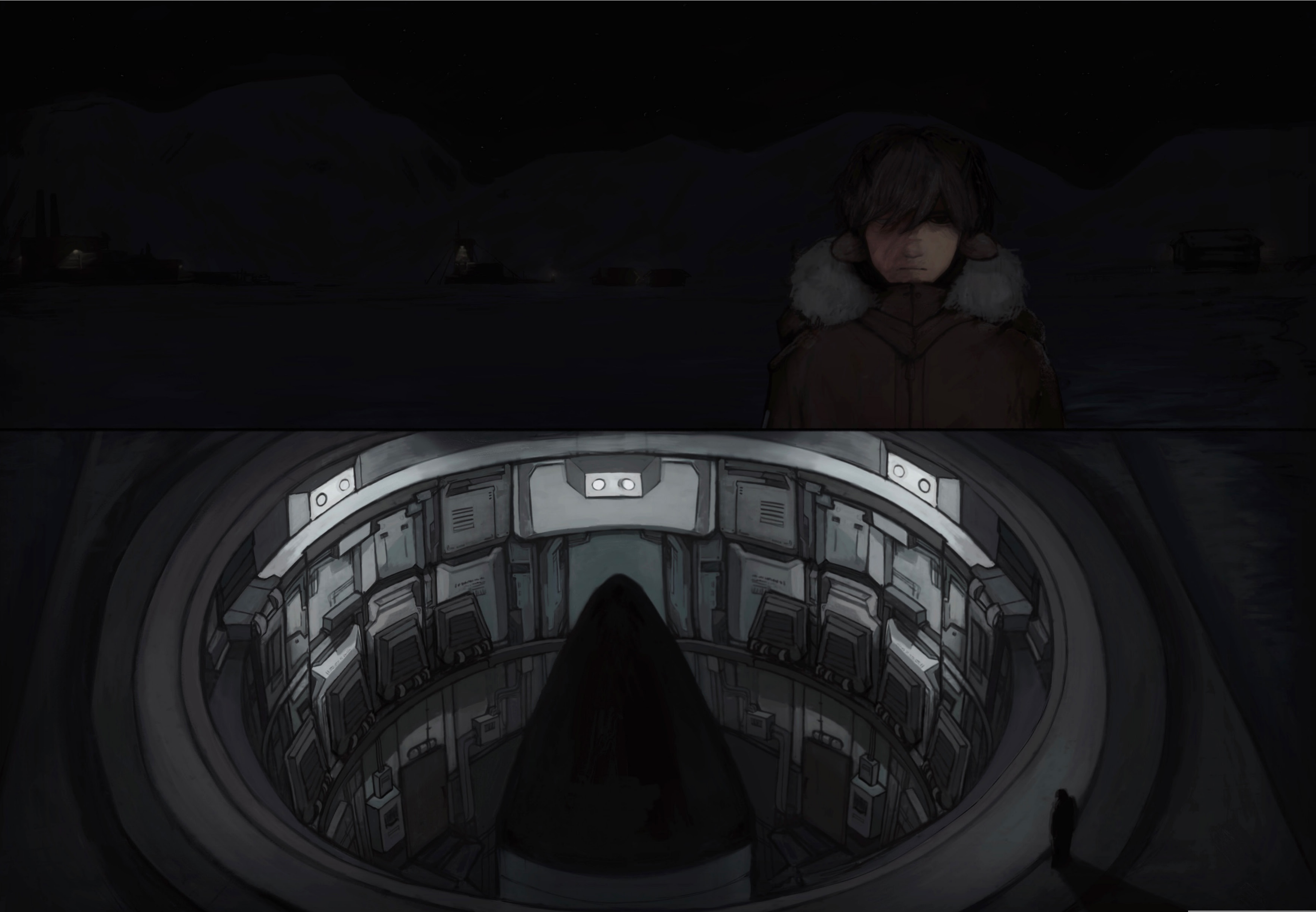


Kustarnikov

Day 174 Post L'Manburg Explosion — Story #7

Written by: Mortis

26-1. 13:56. Test Site A.
J. Manifold Prototype Testing

Temperature: 0c
Windchill: -3c

Snowfall projected throughout the next several days between 2-15cm as expected.

Blast radius over 24km, median in projections and will require further testing with Underscore's approval. Depth of the blast reach was underwhelming at around 10km, but the impact itself vaporized nearly everything in the impact site. Within the ten blocks surrounding the blast zone we found fallen trees and broken earth, likely from seismic activity during the event. Reports in resounding areas as far as Kinoko have displayed small amounts of seismic activity post test, further serious activity will be reported.

Prototype was a success.

Levels of radiation reached its peak right after detonation and have been slowly lowering since. Surveillance Team 3-B have been dispatched in groups to monitor and flag unsafe levels across the area with flags and paint. Each area will be monitored in the event of any spread or contamination with local wildlife or public water.

End Report

ADDENDUM:
T. Underscore: 26-1. 20:42

Reading through Manifold and surveillance reports, the blast radius isn't the desired size, but the depth is substantial. It looks like the layers of sediment were weaker due to mining that had gone on before the settlement of Snowchester and the villages along the coastline and forest.

Further testing will be needed before Alpha and Beta can be considered for testing or deployment, but it's a good thing we've got time, right?

End Addendum

29-1. 4:29. Recorded Statement
DCRF Meeting Room 1.

Transcript of the recording done after an incident at Test Site A. transcription done by R. Beloved for recording and filing. Statement has been recorded in Specimen Log File Number 645 and Incident Log 141-A.

[Click]

[R. Beloved]

Statement of C. Hat, Member of Survey Team 2-W during a reconnaissance of Test Site A on January 29th. Statement taken by Ranboo Beloved on behalf of the Dream Catcher Research Facility after hours.

Statement Begins.

[C. Hat]

Thanks for the water and uh… Letting me sit down. Doc said it's good to get rest, I suppose.

It was a regular recon type, since we heard from the higher ups that something was prowling around the site. We thought it was hunters going after game, or maybe a movement of Endermen doing something weird - no offense.

[Silence, followed by an awkward cough.]

We gathered our gear and prepared for a long night in the wilderness, at the camp made just for site research that Manifold made for us. The fence along the site area was tore up and bent at all angles, which I guess was part of the blast moving everything around, which was kinda cool. I hadn't seen anything like that since L'Manburg.

Torches and glow-squid paint were all over, marking where we could go, just to be safe since I guess the last recon teams… I don't think they're doing well. But we were keeping ourselves safe with our suits and breathing gear like we were taught by the captain.

As we headed over towards one of the water sources that had turned into a waterfall down in the crater, we were deciding how we wanted to split up and check things out. It would help Tubbo, since we knew he was planning on taking a survey team with researchers down into the site anyway. While we were sitting there, shooting the shit and chatting, that's when I heard it.

I give scraps to my dogs along with their regular food. Fat and trimming, bones and things. When they get to those bones, you'll sometimes hear that snap and feel your stomach drop and the hair on the back of your neck standing still. You fear the worst. It was like that, but it was wet. Whatever it was eating was sloppy and probably alive at one point.

[A sip of something, then shuffling.]

But we couldn't see whatever it was. It had to have been the walls, or the canyon that the bomb carved out, making the sound bounce around or some shit because it felt like it was all around us.

I didn't think anything about it, since it wasn't attacking us or coming closer. We continued our rounds, and eventually split off into pairs at the base camp near the gates of the site. Typical standard stuff. Me and Art went South along the forest's edge and the fence, to meet up with the other two who were going North around the bend. Sure maybe we took our time, but between the torches and the bright moonlight, no one had even seen a zed while we were out there.

That was until we saw it.

Art and I were coming up over a little hill when we saw the clearing. A few weeks ago when we were finalizing the fence for testing I was up there with the rest of the group and we saw some wild hogs and sheep grazing there. But whatever the fuck I saw wasn't a sheep or a pig. It was way bigger, curled up over something. All you could see was something like limbs, but you could hear the squelching clearer than a bell.

[Shaky breathing.]

We watched it for what felt like an hour, but it was probably five minutes, as it tore into whatever it was eating. I only pulled away when Art grabbed my arm and I jumped to high heaven then. But they were pulling me away from the top of the hill and away from line of sight. Really I should have been listening to them, but I kept seeing in my head that thing.

[Mumbling, barely audible.]

Oh it - I can tell you what it looked like, yeah. It was like a wolf, bigger than the wolves I usually see, honestly. Even with how far away I was, I could still see it move as it ripped apart whatever it had hunted. It had brown fur, but there was just so much red. I don't know if it was just the fur or blood. I swear if it stood next to me, its shoulder would have reached my waist.

We should have been quieter.

We were nearly running on our way back to camp but it was so dark, and the resounding area was messed up from the blast, so I fell. It hurt like fuck, tumbling down. I slammed my side into the fence. My whole body ached, but I had to keep moving.

But when I sat up and got the dirt out of my face, I heard a new, terrible sound.

It was that wet crunch, and that thing… That thing had Art. There was a blade, probably a sword, jammed and broken off in its side. I tried running toward them, trying to get closer, but Art kept screaming. I used my crossbow on it, sinking an arrow into its chest. All it did was snarl while Art struggled and tried twisting away from it.

In the moonlight, I saw it more clearly; its fur was brown and red and it was matted and dirty. Half of its head was missing, the skull was smashed open and one eye was still staring at us. Something dripped from its maw and it wasn't just Art's blood. It was black - like ink almost, thick and it smelled like rot. When it turned its head at me after I shot it, I saw that there was a chunk of its shoulder missing too, right down to the bone.

Then I ran. It was chasing me, who knows if it let Art go or not. I could only hear the blood in my ears and my heart thrumming harder and harder. If I stopped, I'd be dead too. I nearly killed myself crashing into one of the cooking fires, yelling up and down about what had happened to the captain.

With me was the captain and some of the survey group. We took our torches, lit them along the way, and made sure nothing could come near us.

But we never found Art's body. All we saw was blood and tracks that led into the darkness. We looked over the whole area, even finding that things first kill. It wasn't a hog or a sheep. It was a hunter, I think. We saw the leather armor, the sword and the traps. They were probably out there trying to find some rabbits to bring home, and instead they got hunted first.

Since then I don't do night shifts. I can't. Every time the sun goes down, I swear I hear a wolf's howling, and if I'm in the dark too long, I smell it. That rot.

[Another voice, mumbling.]

[R. Beloved]

Is that everything?

[C. Hat]

I-I think so. Can I go?

[A moment of quiet before a chair squeaks, and a door opens and closes. Then a cough and sigh, before R. Beloved speaks.]

[R. Beloved]

C. Hat was dismissed from night duty after this, and has since been relocated to work on a local farm. From reports from the survey corps and their captain, Hat's story corroborates and aligns with what happened during that night. Survey teams searched the area, having found the home of the missing hunter, originally living in one of the villages South of Snow Chester.

P. Articles, known as Art by many in their unit, have yet to be recovered. Survey and Lumber teams will remain on high alert until further notice or capture of what we believe to be Specimen B. With the advancement of said specimen, it will be worth talking with Underscore to ensure that survey of Test Site A goes to plan, and that no other incidents take place.

We have let Art's family know of their disappearance, and have paid them in our apology, as well as allowed a small stipend to get them through the rest of winter. The hunter lived alone, and as far as we know, holds no family in the village they resided in. Should anything else come up, they will be recorded.

Statement End.

[Click]

9-2. 9:45. Test Site A.
T. Underscore Regrowth Assessment Dictation, amended by both Underscore and Beloved.

Took surveillance team 1-A down to Sector B. Gathered samples of both mineral and material [1, 2 & 3 in Case L]; ore samples gathered yielded no radiation, yet some top soil was still showing significant levels [Samples 4-9], so everyone geared up.

Temperatures stayed fair within -23c and 2c, going upwards of 6c-10c deeper within the site. Sightings of magma and lava pools in the SE region at the border between Sector B and Sector A are skewing temperature readings and should be discounted unless proving significant.

Collecting samples of the outer ring revealed mutated flora; twin spore mushrooms displaying characteristics of both poisonous and nonpoisonous types of fungi. While taking samples, several animals were spotted that had been mutated. Some were taken for samples [Case U, samples 2-4] for testing while others were documented from afar.

Photographs were taken of larger subjects including the four-eyed doe and buck, the shambling bear, and several geese. One goose had a pair of double wings, but when approached seemed to fly away with ease. Team noticed a few aggressive rabbits, but they ran when approached.

Further testing on the painted areas made by Survey B-3 found one section of radiation staying at moderate-high levels while others have fallen in scale with the limited radiation. Areas that were in safe levels had flags removed, but more testing will occur in the future.

During sample gathering and research of the face and cliffside, several team members have reported feeling being watched. After what had happened with team 2-W, we checked the area again for any sign of specimens or new leads to report. Unfortunately, nothing of note was found at either the sight nor where the missing hunter was found.

End Report

ADDENDUM:
Addendum to report made by T. Underscore on 10-9 at 23:05.

During the evening hours of our research, the survey team had located several areas in the night that could spawn monsters. Within reasons of safety, myself and the main survey response team camped out the areas as night set in to monitor changes in spawning.

In typical areas where mobs have spawned, we found spiders spawning larger than average, and skeletons that took double the damage before crumbling. Cave spiders also spawned, even at such high levels close to open land and there was no hesitation for the mobs to attack each other.

Just before leaving, we caught sight of a familiar uniform and indeed found P. Articles; however, they had long since been turned at that point, shambling among the other zombies and monsters. Out of respect for survey teams, we have disposed of the current hostile mobs and lit the area with torches and fires to ensure no other monsters spawn. Art has been brought safely back to Snowchester for a proper burial.

More testing will be done after survey corps have scanned the area in full.

End Addendum

14-2. 10:45. NorthWest Snowchester Outskirts.
Aftermath in Outreach Areas.

Temperatures: Ranging between -2c and 4c.
Snowfall: 1-4cm per hour with long breaks between flurries.

Met with the locals in company with survey C-4 in the outskirts of the main Snowchester settlement, 7km North West from Test Site A.

Locals are curious, if not a bit apprehensive, but happy to talk when offered food and ore to supplement their stocks.The leaders of the settlements met with us to talk business while survey corps worked to speak with the locals and gauge levels of radiation throughout the villages.

Locals have reported an illness in the village, and put the sick into isolation toward the north sector of the city. Those who are ill have been quarantined and assessed by local medics. As of date there have been no fatalities.

Illness symptoms include:
Fever; chills and cough, headache
Boils, removed and treated pustules.
Fatigue and weakness

Samples of saliva and blood were taken [Case O] for testing and possible treatment outcomes. Alleviating medicine and potions as well as extra food supplies have been given in compensation for questioning.

[Note: Send Company out to ensure any deceased are properly disposed of. A survey group will be brought every two days to ensure no further spread than within the community.]

At times during the interviews, several spoke of feeling uneasy during dusk; some speak of figures in the treeline or just out of sight in the settlements. While searching the area revealed nothing, tracks were documented to belong to Specimen B, necessitating a need to update tracking. This will be added to Specimen Logbook in the DCRF.

End Report

6-1. 23:30. Dream Catcher Research Facility.
T. Underscore Current Project Update

Temperature: 12.7c
Moisture Levels: Normal
Testing Rooms: Inactive

Doubled up on rounds, checking equipment and management. Asset 2 and Asset 3 currently remain dormant with the success of Asset 1 and the following check-ups and research done in Test Site A. Currently waiting on confirmation from fellow researchers to continue testing with Assets.

While in the lab, keep monitors on especially for overnight shifts. Please keep log books in their correct spaces. Keeping these logs in other places or removing them from the research facility can lead to backlogs and inconsistencies in reports.

Experiments with R. Beloved to run as follows having received the greenlight from DCRF and J. Manifold. Dossier for experiments filed under DCRF Code 69-42.

As of now, plans will resume to build the grounds for the experiments. A message has been sent to F. Gamers with layouts. He's been a really great help working on both DCRF buildings, but also helping build the foundation of many places in the city for people to build off of. Foolish has been instrumental in helping build and for that I'm glad.

Things are quiet, which is good, I think. Reports from the guards at Pandora - while scarce, they've let me know that he's still there, still unable to escape. We tried recruiting Tommy to come and live here in Snowchester, but he said he had things to work on back in the SMP proper. Something about a hotel?

We're getting closer to testing our grand plan. Jack and I have been working almost tirelessly trying to make sure that things are ready for the testing day. To rally the people and give them purpose, we started giving out jobs, and now we have a survey corps and a small research team to help us figure out stuff while we work on the test site.

I won't let anyone get in my way of keeping everyone safe.

End Report.

1-2. 1:45. Underscore Research Facility.
T. Underscore and R. Beloved Research Updates

We named it Canon Castle for Snowchester citizens, being touted as a warehouse, but it's also under the URF name since it sounds more official. Ranboo's willingness to try and do anything for his memory made it easy that we could quantify doing a lot of different experiments to possibly unlock something.

Research proved difficult, and nothing has really worked. Stress tests were unsuccessful though we did learn that he is not afraid of the dark.

However, the water tests proved to be extremely useful. Since he has an affinity for Enderman, both in looks and the ability to speak to them, we performed two experiments.

Experiment One was exposing the skin and covered body to water in larger and larger degrees. We began with drops of water for periods of one second, then two and three, before they were removed and the section was dried appropriately.

We found from this experiment that after three seconds, the water began to burn at Ranboo's flesh, eating at it almost like an acidic compound. More testing could be provided at other times, but it was at Ranboo's behest we tried the other experiment.

Experiment Two was an extreme stress test. Hooking up EKG and monitors for blood pressure as well as another monitor for brain activity. This was in hopes that the extreme test could possibly resurface memories.

Using water tight material and glass, we surrounded Ranboo in the basement of the facility and slowly raised the levels of water within the period of six hours. After hour four, when the water reached around Ranboo's waist his anxiety spiked and we nearly called off the experiment. It was really interesting to see Ranboo calm himself down, almost entering a trance and urging the water to continue to rise.

The experiment, however, did not provide any substantial results and while we learned just how much stress it might take to make Ranboo disassociate, we did not trigger any of his memories. One major finding was learning of Ranboo's willingness to try more experiments, stating that he would be willing to do anything in regards to getting his memory back. I'll have to speak with Jack about it later. I'm hungry.

End Report.
3-3. 15:45. Dream Catcher Research Foundation
Statement of T. Underscore, transcribed by R. Beloved after the event at Pandora.

[Click]

[Shaking breaths, in the background a radio broadcast plays a repeating public service announcement muffled by movement. A voice speaks, shaking.]

[Tubbo]

He's gone. I'd spent so much time trying to protect him, trying to keep him from there, and he's gone. We knew something would happen, that there'd be a breach in security somehow, but I didn't think it would be... That it would happen like this.

[The moment breaks, sniffling over the receiver and the small garbled babbling of what sounds like a child.]

All the reports we've intercepted held nothing more than interactions with Quackity and the Warden. When it came to the prison, nothing should have been breached.

How could we have been so careless?

Snowchester is on lockdown, as is almost the entirety of the SMP. I-I haven't been able to leave t-the bunker. I've been keeping Michael safe and waiting for Ranboo to come back. We aren't far from the Facility but its… I can't leave him alone.

[More shifting, before the service announcement is shut off. Papers shuffle, then the pop of a pen cap.]

I can't lose anyone else.

[Click]

[R. Beloved]

Tubbo further declined any further comment.

End Statement.

[Click]

15-3. 19:30. Dream Catcher Research And Development.
Dream Catcher Containment Satellite Facilities
Lead Researcher M. Aars reporting.

Methods of containment are still underway, spawned from the conversation with Tubbo and the possibilities of Dream escaping prison. Some of the plans were a touch frantic; since Tommy's death, Tubbo has been missing meetings and working on other unknown projects.

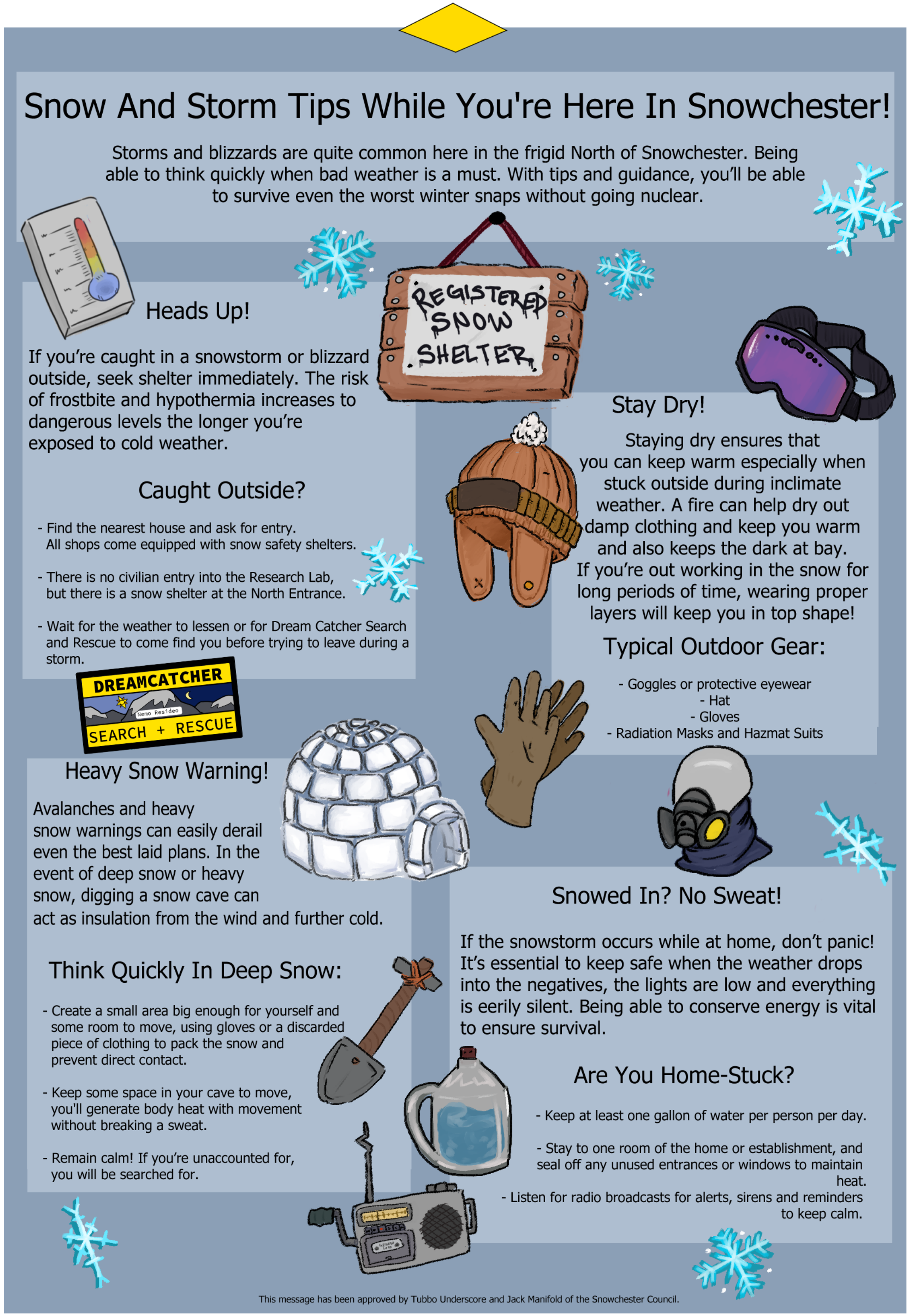
That, among other things, have caused unrest within Snowchester and created a need to facilitate the need for containment areas in the case Dream does escape and needs to be recaptured.

Containment pods and units have been placed in ordinal directions just within the boundaries of Snowchester. Snow shelters have been created in most public spaces with signs and posters to ensure in the event that citizens need to evacuate to designated locations. Pods are stocked with equipment for seizure and containment including Netherite cuffs, stun rods, and potions of strength. The full report is available in Report 35894C-L.

While these were voted necessary, they must be kept looking mundane, and those constructed further from homesteads will be catered as supply sheds or weather monitors for DCRF use.

Snowchester itself has begun to go more quiet, be it the small outbreaks of illness or the winter finally fading, but some have begun to leave the city. When the news of one of the founders had defected to Las Nevadas, many others considered and even left their post. But we are a strong country, and we will still stand.

End Report.


REGISTERED SNOW SHELTER
DREAMCATCHER
Nemo Resideo
SEARCH + RESCUE

Snow And Storm Tips While You're Here In Snowchester!

Storms and blizzards are quite common here in the frigid North of Snowchester. Being able to think quickly when bad weather is a must. With tips and guidance, you'll be able to survive even the worst winter snaps without going nuclear.

Heads Up!

If you're caught in a snowstorm or blizzard outside, seek shelter immediately. The risk of frostbite and hypothermia increases to dangerous levels the longer you're exposed to cold weather.

Caught Outside?

- Find the nearest house and ask for entry. All shops come equipped with snow safety shelters.
- There is no civilian entry into the Research Lab, but there is a snow shelter at the North Entrance.
- Wait for the weather to lessen or for Dream Catcher Search and Rescue to come find you before trying to leave during a storm.

Heavy Snow Warning!

Avalanches and heavy snow warnings can easily derail even the best laid plans. In the event of deep snow or heavy snow, digging a snow cave can act as insulation from the wind and further cold.

Think Quickly In Deep Snow:

- Create a small area big enough for yourself and some room to move, using gloves or a discarded piece of clothing to pack the snow and prevent direct contact.
- Keep some space in your cave to move, you'll generate body heat with movement without breaking a sweat.
- Remain calm! If you're unaccounted for, you will be searched for.

Stay Dry!

Staying dry ensures that you can keep warm especially when stuck outside during inclimate weather. A fire can help dry out damp clothing and keep you warm and also keeps the dark at bay. If you're out working in the snow for long periods of time, wearing proper layers will keep you in top shape!

Typical Outdoor Gear:

- Goggles or protective eyewear
- Hat
- Gloves
- Radiation Masks and Hazmat Suits

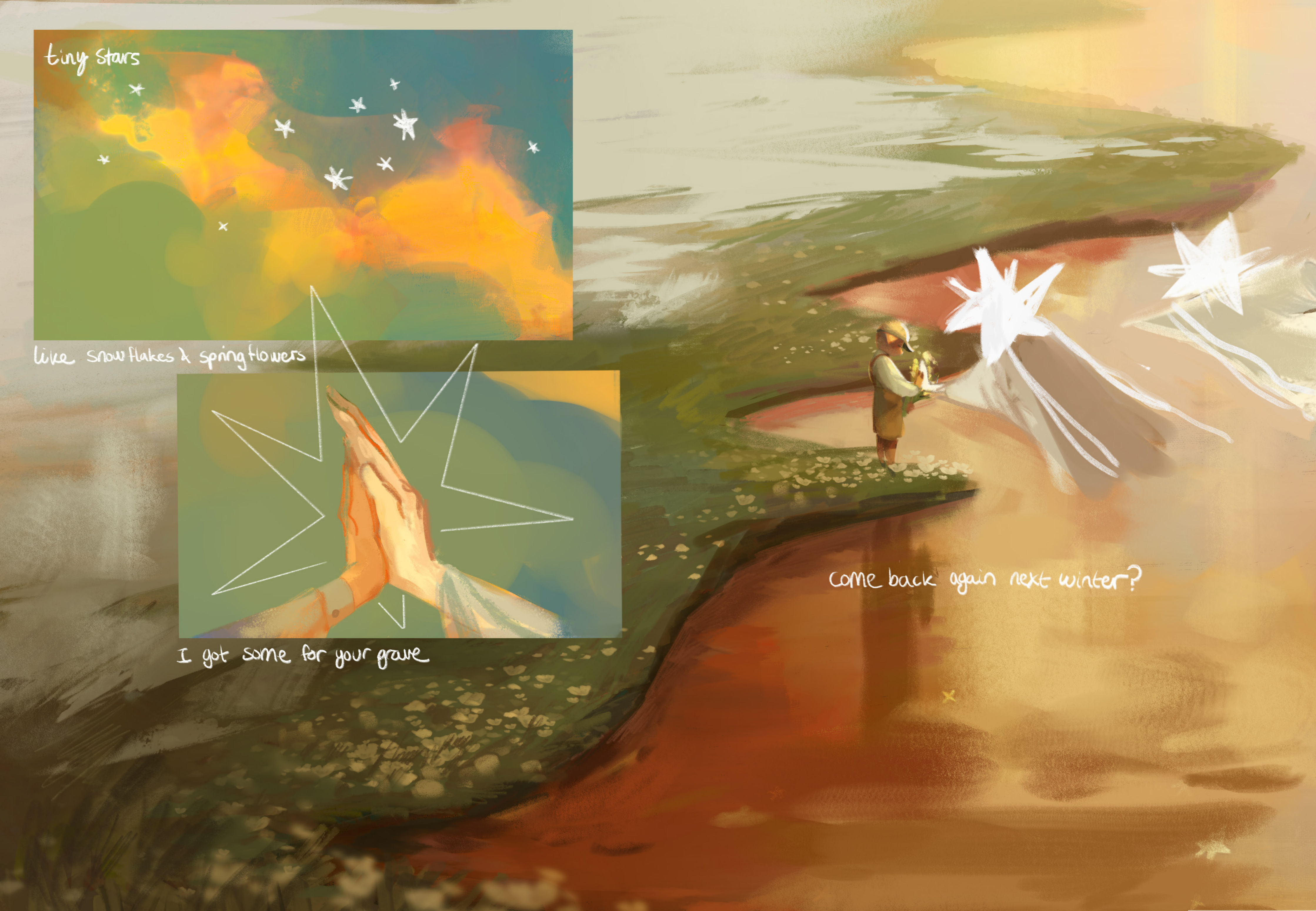
Snowed In? No Sweat!

If the snowstorm occurs while at home, don't panic! It's essential to keep safe when the weather drops into the negatives, the lights are low and everything is eerily silent. Being able to conserve energy is vital to ensure survival.

Are You Home-Stuck?

- Keep at least one gallon of water per person per day.
- Stay to one room of the home or establishment, and seal off any unused entrances or windows to maintain heat.
- Listen for radio broadcasts for alerts, sirens and reminders to keep calm.

This message has been approved by Tubbo Underscore and Jack Manifold of the Snowchester Council.


tiny stars
like snowflakes & spring flowers
I got some for your grave
come back again next winter?

Raiain

Thank You for Reading!

We would like to thank each and every participant for the hard work and care they've put into this collection, for the ideas, personality and sheer skill they've poured into this zine. This zine is the culmination of all of their efforts, and we cannot thank them enough for the time they've spent with us.

We also want to thank the content creators of the Dream SMP, specifically the builders and inhabitants of Snowchester.
That place and the lives and stories of its occupants resonated with people, to the point where we just had to make a zine about it.

Thank you all for reading this zine. This project has been a work of love and appreciation, and we're delighted to finally get to share it with you.

— SAFEGUARD Zine Mods

SAFEGUARD ZINE MODERATORS

Snowchester, DSMP

GREED
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🐦 greedient_
💬 greedient

AMPH
Tech Support
🐦 azaEnolate

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Editing, Title Page and Cover Design
t Martuzzio
🐦 Martuzziomarzo

REIPINTO
Social Media, Credits Doodle
🐦 studioboner
t reipinto

TEN
Quality Control, Cover Art
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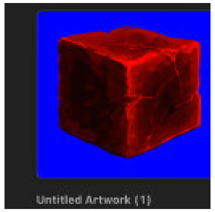

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🐦 UnnecessaryRed1

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RATTYRATR

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CYNO
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VIENNA
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mythserie

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THEO
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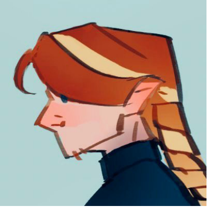

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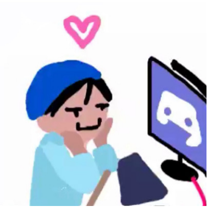

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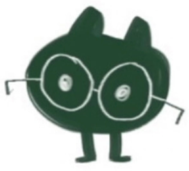

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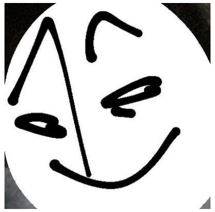

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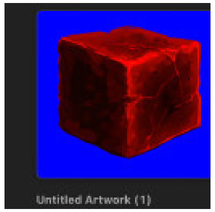

UNNECESSARYREDSTONE

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UnnecessaryRed1

RICHIE

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SADIE

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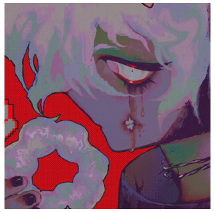

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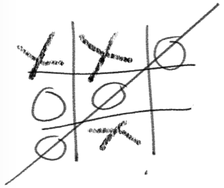
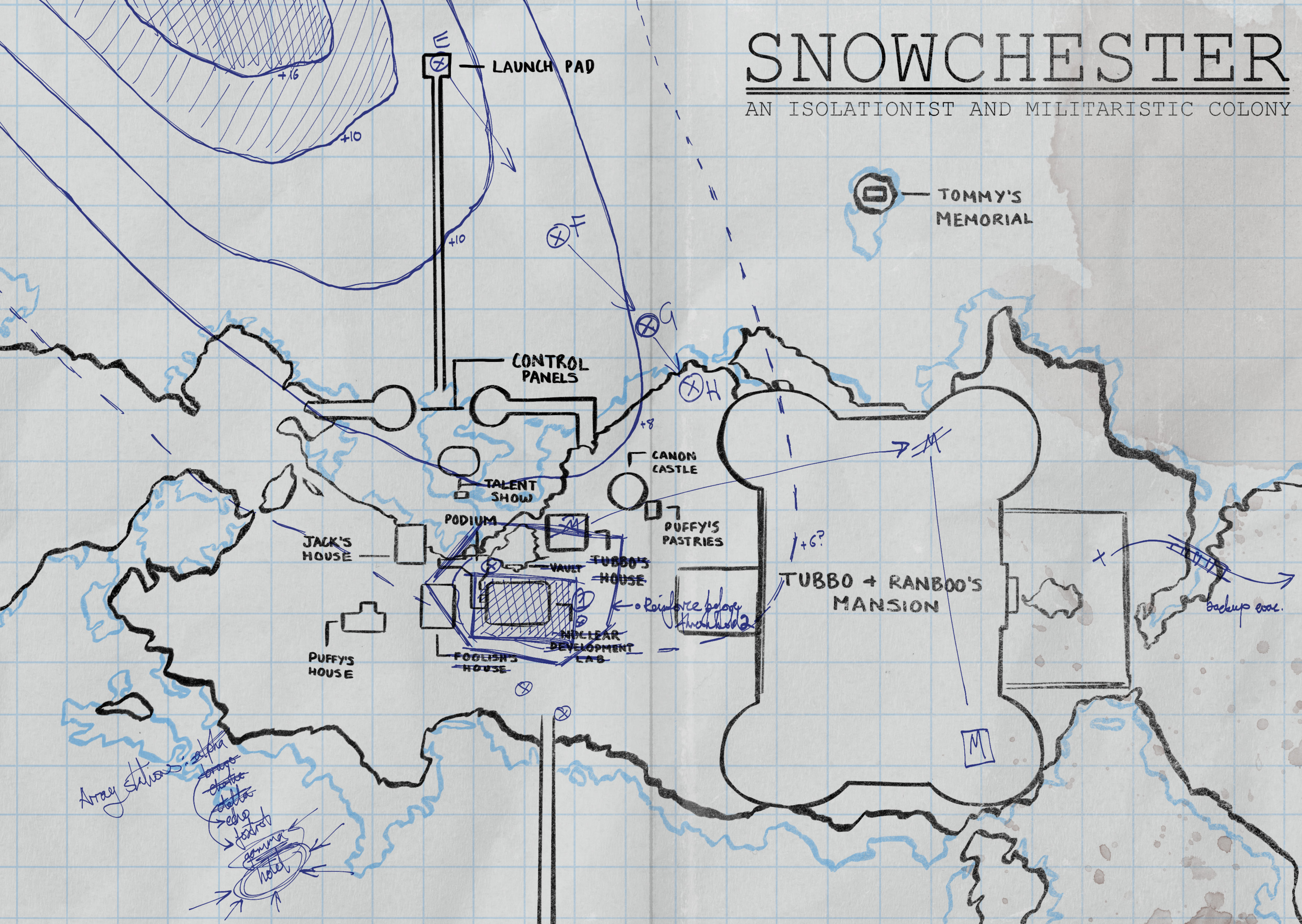


SNOWCHESTER

AN ISOLATIONIST AND MILITARISTIC COLONY


LAUNCH PAD
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TOMMY'S MEMORIAL
CONTROL PANELS
TALENT SHOW
CANON CASTLE
PODIUM
PUFFY'S PASTRIES
JACK'S HOUSE
VAULT
~~TUBBO'S HOUSE~~
~~NUCLEAR DEVELOPMENT LAB~~
~~FOOLISH'S HOUSE~~
1
2
• Reinforce before threshold 2
PUFFY'S HOUSE
TUBBO + RANBOO'S MANSION
M
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backup evac.
Array stations: ~~alpha~~
~~bravo~~
~~charlie~~
~~delta~~
echo
foxtrot
~~gamma~~
hotel